

# THE LIBRARY

EDITED BY  
J. W. MACLISTER  
F.S.A.

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A REVIEW (QUARTERLY).

EDITED BY

J. Y. W. MACALISTER and A. W. POLLARD, in collaboration with  
KONRAD BURGER, LEONOLD DELIBER, MELVER DEWEY,  
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## THE LIBRARY.

### BAD BOOKS.<sup>1</sup>



CONCERNING bad books and their writers, and the proper treatment of them, there is room for inquiry. For the words employed may be used in many senses; no one, for instance, would say that a book could be bad in the same sense as a harvest or a husband; but it might be disputed whether a bad book should give rise to the same sentiments as a bad egg or a bad sixpence. Again, in considering books it is perhaps necessary to make sure what kind of productions should be called books, and what not; and we may have to admit that some productions which are well printed on good paper, and have other attractive qualities, are yet not books in any sense which suits us at the present moment. Of this kind are some booksellers' catalogues, and books of sermons, of which one would hardly say that they were bad or good, but only that they were long or short. Yet since they might be blamed in respect of their length, it is difficult to exclude them altogether: but the application of blame would seem to be different in the two cases, for no one would find

<sup>1</sup> Written in the intervals of a perusal of the Ethics of Aristotle.

fault with a catalogue for being too long, unless it contained the names of books which were not in the bookseller's possession, nor with a sermon for being too short.

Evidently then the distinction of good and bad cannot be applied to everything that at first sight looks like a book; but it must be confined to such as aim at the proper excellence of a book, whatever that may be. Whether the aim of the book is necessarily also the aim of the writer looks like a superfluous question; yet perhaps it is not so; at any rate the excellence of many books of verse has been found to lie in the wrapping of parcels, and yet that was certainly not what the poet intended.

The merit of the writer, again, is not easy to determine. If a man write with a view to instruct, and the reader gain not instruction but amusement; though the amusement be good of its kind, can the writer fairly be praised? For praise would seem to be concerned with intention, and his intention was otherwise; in fact, if he were an honest man he would not wish to be praised for hitting that which he did not aim at, and it is hardly to be imagined that Mr. G. E. Buckle would like to be praised as a wag. But the converse perhaps does not hold good; for those who write to amuse, but actually succeed in instructing, sometimes take both kinds of praise, and no one objects. Probably the reason is that men may be instructive because they are amusing, whereas they are not amusing because of their instructiveness, but rather in spite of it. This however is a difficult question, and perhaps not to be solved without the help of Mr. H. G. Wells. It

will be enough for the present to say that the writer must burn with his book.

Now the burning of books, though not practised at the present day except by the Church of Rome and the Passive Resisters, affords some help to the clearing up of a doubt. Men and women have been burnt by those who disagreed with them, but without indignation, and even with a desire to save them if they would change their minds; as for example Henry, Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry the Fifth, is said to have doused the fire several times in which William Sawtree was being consumed. If Sawtree had avowed his error it would have been a splendid triumph both for the clemency of the Prince and for the truth of the Church's teaching; but a book once printed and read, if it is untrue, remains untrue so long as it exists, and thus men have burnt books with more rancour than they have shown in burning each other. The writer may recant, but the book cannot; and though a man may compose a palinode as Stesichorus did, it is probable that only those who differed from him at first will read it.

Surely then those who are indignant with bad books have right on their side, since a book is like a man who will not hold his peace, nor say anything different for the sake of his hearers, but goes on saying the same thing in the same way as long as anyone will pay attention to him. If a man of this habit were merely tedious, after a time no one would pay attention to him any longer; and perhaps it is a waste of time to be angry with a Member of Parliament, or the editor of a political review.

But just as it is said that no man is so degraded and base as to be unable to find a woman to share his baseness and misery, so there was never a book written so ill as to be not merely tedious in itself but unbearable to everyone who met with it; and even if we take the opinion of the best-educated, the same book is not always equally offensive to the same man, although perhaps it ought to be. It is said, for instance, that certain members of the Athenaeum read the 'Sporting Times' at Boodle's, or even at the Albemarle on Sundays.

Tediousness then ought not to save a book from condemnation if it be otherwise bad, for it is impossible to tell beforehand whether its badness will attract more readers than its tediousness will repel. Perhaps it is not altogether true to say as we did above, that a bad book has nothing in common with a bad husband; for a husband is a work of art, and a book may bring much unhappiness into a house. The truth is that we think of books in two ways. When we think of them as the finished product of the writer's art, we appraise them according to the fidelity with which that art has been followed and the ingenuity with which it has been applied to a desired end. We think less of the end than of the means; just as we praise a besotted rustic by Degas more than Sant's 'Infant Samuel.' But when we think of the writer, and what he was trying to say, and why he wanted to say it, we begin at once to judge his work not merely by the rules of art but by the rules of morality, and to think of the end as well as of the means; so that if a book was plainly written with the object of corrupting the reader we

must not approve it, however skilfully it was composed. There are some excellent people who maintain that a work of art should always be judged without reference to anything but the skill of the artist or the beauty of the result; and if it were possible for an artist not to be a human being this might be done in the case of pictures and statues that were never exhibited, and perhaps in the case of books printed privately. But as the artist is a human being, and in most cases wishes his work to be seen by as many others as possible, and even to sell it when he can find a purchaser, it is hardly possible to judge art without thinking of morals, unless one is an artist oneself; and this was found to be the case even in Crotchet Castle.

However this may be—and it is admitted that there are many difficulties about pictures, since the painter is thinking about one thing, but the man, who looks at the picture, about another, or several others—we shall assert that books must be judged both as works of art and as the expression of thoughts by which the reader may be moved.

We shall now be better able to decide what is the peculiar excellence of a book, the attaining of which will entitle it to be called good, and the failing to attain it bad; and we shall be able to see with what kind of books it is reasonable to be angry, even to the point of wishing to have their authors severely punished.

Yet it is uncertain whether 'good' in this connection should mean good for everybody, or only for grown-up people, and perhaps only for the educated among these; for Rabelais is called good,

but not for the kitchenmaid, nor generally for the rural dean. And a mathematical treatise may be good or bad, but the distinction is, as Plato says, 'not for every pig to discover'; besides, it would be of no use to be angry with a mathematician, and the object of our inquiry is to find out with whom to be angry or pleased in accordance with what they have written.

We have assumed that the desire of an author is to be read by as many as possible of those able to understand what he writes; for no one wishes to be read by those who cannot understand him, though it is not necessary to pass an examination in 'Sordello' before buying Browning. A book must be judged as we should judge an orator, by the effect upon his audience, and not only by the effect produced, but by that effect in comparison with what he intended; and the better his intention the more should he be praised for getting near it. We look both to his intention and to his method, and neither praise him if he inflame the passions of his audience artistically, nor blame him altogether if his oratory be virtuous but uninspiring. There is however this difference between a book and a speech, that a book can be read at one's own pace, and the good in it gradually disentangled, while one foolish remark in a sermon will obscure for ever all the sense that the preacher may have uttered besides.

It may be said generally that there are two kinds of bad books, those which are ill adapted to a good end, and those which are well adapted to a bad end; to which a third kind may be added, those in which both the end and the means are bad. It is some-



times denied that any book, the end of which is good, ought to be condemned, since there is always the chance that it may suit some capacities; as a French writer has said that those who read *La Croix* would not read the 'Lettres Provinciales,' and in England Farrar's 'Life of Christ' is said to do some people more good than the Bible. But stupid books written with a good purpose may be injurious in more ways than one; if an intelligent person be compelled to read them he will end by hooting at the good purpose, and if a stupid person read them they will only increase his stupidity. It is better to starve than to eat some things; and it is certainly better not to read than to read 'The Wallypug of Why.' But the question who ought to read, if it could be answered, would make this clearer; for the What can hardly be determined without the Who, nor this again without the Why, and the popular belief that everyone ought to read is plainly wrong, but not easy to argue down.

Books of the kind just mentioned defeat their own purpose, like the man who aimed at the pigeon and hit the crow; and those who write them ought to be given something else to do, so that we might be instructed by those only who know how to instruct, and amused only by those who know how to amuse. But books of the second kind, in which the aim is bad but the means skilfully employed, deserve more condemnation than is usually expressed. A book, skilfully constructed to maintain a lie or to make evil attractive, is perhaps the worst thing that a man can produce; and even where he did not know that this was the tendency of his book

he ought to be blamed severely, as was the Ethiopian who shot his godfather: for the shot was undoubtedly a good one, but he ought to have known that it was his godfather, and not the cat. In these cases we must not only ask the writer whether he knew what he was doing, but also whether he ought to have known; and if a physiologist writes about the facts of life in a way that can easily be turned to the corruption of the young, he should be put on the same shelf with Ovid's 'Ars Amoris,' not for telling the facts, but for telling them in that way. Many very bad books are written out of mere vanity, not so much with a bad object as with no object at all, unless the wish to attract attention counts. The writers of these are like men who stand at street corners and shout obscene language at the sun, or talk filthily in railway carriages and other public places; but these belong mostly to the third class, except when it happens that a man of genius is a blackguard and likes to talk about it. In a well-educated society these books could not exist, because nobody would find them amusing; for perfect education aims at teaching everybody to be amused and to amuse in the right way, and that which is downright abominable cannot be really amusing. Yet it is a waste of time to talk of what would happen in a well-educated society; our own society is at least as well educated as any other; but it is not equally educated all the way through, nor is it free from the abnormal and degenerate elements to which this kind of bad book appeals. Hence, despite occasional raids by the police, such books are produced, and it is sometimes seriously con-

tended that it is the business of librarians to help to preserve them as documentary evidence of moral conditions. All printed or written matter, it is argued, may be of use for scientific inquiry, and if we once begin to pick and choose, on the ground that what is merely bad should not be kept, we shall be like doctors refusing the aid of pathology, or sanitary inspectors shrinking from a bad smell. But at least the ordinary citizen is allowed to run away from the sight of a gangrene or the smell of a dead rat, and it does not seem reasonable that the same librarians who enjoy the guardianship of what is noblest and most enchanting in literature should have to be poisoned by the examination of what neither they nor any sane man once in a hundred years would want to touch.

Whatever librarians may have to endure, it is certain that no one desires the existence of books of the third class, except those who have not in them the beginnings of a moral sense; they express thoughts or describe conduct by which human nature is made disgraceful, and they have no attraction except for those who wish to become worse themselves, or are curious to see the extremity of the loathsomeness of others. To permit them as human documents is as rational as to permit the vilest of crimes lest the anthropologist should not discover how bad a man can be. Yet the item "Curious" is meat and drink to the second-hand bookseller, and the catalogues of Montmartre do not even spare the country parsonage.

The bad book which is not a work of art will find but few open defenders; but the book of a

depraved genius, though it is in fact the more mischievous, is less universally condemned. For it possesses an excellence, like the burglar's tools; and the artist can forgive anything to a master of the craft. Yet it happens seldom that an artist does his best work when his aim is low: 'La Pucelle' is sorry stuff for anyone to have written, and 'The Dunciad' is as far below 'The Rape of the Lock' as scurrility is below wit. Literature is an art; and the choice of subject is an element in all artistic excellence. Many pictures are bad, in spite of the skill with which they are executed, because the subjects chosen are not the right subjects for men to look at, as may be observed in a certain gallery in Brussels. Thus many books are bad, however skillfully written, because their subjects are such as no man should entertain in his mind—unless it be maintained that no such subject can exist. Perhaps the difficulty about choice of subject can only be solved when we have determined whether all literature has one definable end, which the choice of some subjects makes unattainable.

Books of science have a definable end, for each aims at increasing or making clearer the knowledge of whatever truths it deals with. Moral treatises have a definable end, for they aim at making ethical truths clearer and more effective. Both scientific and moral treatises may be literature, though it is improbable that they will be, because they are intended for men only when in a scientific or a moral mood, and literature is concerned with men as human beings and nothing else in particular. Scientific books are literature when they please those

who do not care for science, as well as those who do, and moral treatises are literature if they please even the immoral, or still better, the man who does not care twopence.

The name of literature would seem, then, to belong to all that a man writes with the greatest respect both for his subject and for his readers simply as human beings. This is where literature differs from journalism; for the journalist has a great respect for his readers, but none at all, or very little, for his subject, which he regards only as material for a scoop. Many journalists have not much respect for their readers either; for it is impossible to respect a man who pays you for insulting his intelligence, or even for stealing information that will enable him to make a fortune.

If then the best literature is that in which the subject and the reader are treated with the most respect, the most general aim of literature may be said to be to please mankind. That which pleases only the scientific expert is not literature, however useful it may be, and that which pleases only a small party because of their opinions is not literature, however much they may like it. The existence of Anti-Vivisection literature has never been disproved; but it is improbable that there should be any.

This aim—to please mankind—is a very high aim. If the highest aim is to make men better, at any rate the next to that is to keep them so; and good literature is a perpetual feast for those who know how to live. Of a good book it may be said, as of Rosemary—*Cerebrum adjuvat, fulcit memoriam*,

*capiti admodum salutaris est*—and, what is still more important—*Aliud habet, quod cor afficit.*

This is the work of the good book. Of the indifferent, the Tomlinsons, they are in limbo almost as soon as born, nobody need be much concerned about them; they have neither blessed nor cursed anyone worth the cursing. The good book pleases those who know how to live; but not, or not so much, those who have not that knowledge; and the bad book displeases those who know how to live, but pleases, or is less unpleasant to, the others.

Thus all books written without a sense of proportion are bad; which is one reason why so few Roman Catholics can write novels, since the particular form of religion professed by their characters interests them more than it ought to. For the same reason 'Sir Richard Calmady' is bad, as well as nasty; a physical deformity is allowed, in an age of reason and science, to become as important as it could have been to a race possessing neither science nor sense. For this reason also 'Jude the Obscure' is bad, together with all books written on the assumption that because there is mud in man, therefore the only way to understand human nature is to spend threefourths of one's attention upon what is dirty. So Rabelais himself would be bad if he wrote to-day as he wrote then; and so Balzac, when he imitated Rabelais, was bad, feeding the nineteenth century on the garbage of the fifteenth in order, perhaps, to show how well he could cook. So, on the other hand, 'La Maison Tellier' is one of the best stories ever written, almost equally good for laughter and for tears.



This want of proportion is very destructive to humourists. If laughter is excited by a sudden dislocation of the true proportion of things, only those who are perfectly acquainted with true proportions should attempt to provoke us to it; they may do it without that acquaintance, but such men's humour is like the singing of one who has not learnt to produce his voice; it gives little pleasure either to hear or to remember, and its best quality is that it does not last. The unexpected, which sometimes gives pleasure and sometimes pain, depends for humour as well as for pathos upon the contrast between what is and what might be; and thus to be a humourist needs both knowledge and imagination of a high order. Any man can present a rustic grinning through a horse-collar; it takes George Meredith to make 'Ah could eat hog a solid hower' a never-failing source of enjoyment. It has been doubted whether the intention to be humorous is consistent with a sense of humour; and it is certain that nearly all books written with that intention only are bad. Shakespeare's comedies contain as much serious truth as his tragedies, and if he had not been able to write the one kind, the other would have been equally out of his power; a man who understands life may write of it tragically when it saddens him, comically when it amuses him; but even tragedy is condemned if there is no comic interruption, and comedy with no underlying seriousness is a poor thing. The man who grubs about in life for ludicrous incidents is scarcely better than the nasty realist, and generally ends in finding the same materials. The art of Mr. Jerome K.

Jerome finds its fulfilment in the smoking-room anecdote.

Earnest men and women have made lists of the Hundred Best Books. A list of the Hundred Worst Books would be at least as useful, and could almost be completed from the same catalogues.

R. F. CHOLMELEY.

## SOME TWENTIETH-CENTURY ITALIAN CHAPBOOKS.

**T**HE travelling chapmen who disposed of story-books and song garlands, and the street ballad-sellers have vanished from the towns and villages of England, and the literature of which they disposed is obsolescent if not obsolete.

In Italy 'the wares of Autolycus' are still in demand. I possess some hundreds of broadsides and booklets, all issued in the opening years of the present century from the printing office of Adriano Salani in Florence. He is a publisher of cheap literature generally and from him can be obtained a fourteenpenny 'Decamerone,' a sixpenny 'Mandragola,' a threepenny 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' a twopenny 'Novelle' of Casti, and a three-halfpenny translation of Hamlet. Whether it is an unmixed advantage for some of the works in Salani's catalogue to be scattered broadcast is an ethical question which need not detain us here. Chapbook literature is often crude and sometimes coarse, but it is mostly free from the licentiousness that so often marks the writings of the Renaissance.

The religious element is strong in this popular literature. There are excerpts of biblical history from Adam and Eve in Paradise to the Last Judgement. The Passion of Christ is told in various ways. There are prayers and narratives of miracles

wrought by the Virgin and various saints. Loreto and La Salette find their chroniclers. A prayer addressed to the Virgin of Pompei as the protectress from typhus and throat disease bears a note stating that an indulgence of thirty days was allowed by Leo XIII. to those who had this paper in their house. On the other side of the leaf is an account of Clementina Buti—'la stessa che dispensa questa orazione'—who, having been miraculously cured by seeing the image of 'La Gran Madre del Rosario dei Pompei,' devoted herself to perpetual pilgrimage. Another broadside tells how a youth was saved from assassins by the Virgin of Boccadirio. Yet another shows the 'exact measure of the foot of the Blessed Mother of God, taken from her veritable shoe which is preserved with great devotion in a Spanish monastery.' There are accounts of Purgatory and of Hell, the Ten Commandments in *ottava rima*, hymns to the Sacred Heart, to the Trinity, to the Virgin, and to St. Francis.

The apocryphal and legendary elements in the early history of Christianity are not overlooked. Thus there is the dialogue of the Virgin with the gipsy woman encountered during the flight to Egypt. Still more curious are the letters purporting to have been written by Christ. One of these was sent by its angel custodian to a girl nine miles distant from 'San Marcello in Francia,' printed in letters of gold and found at the foot of a crucifix where a girl who had been dumb for seven years began to speak. Those who have a copy of this letter will escape some of the penalties of sin; moreover, they will not die unabsolved, and eight

days before death will have a vision of the Virgin. This is enforced in another version by a story that a certain captain found by the way a severed head, which begged that a confessor might be called. Three days had elapsed since the assassination, but the murdered man could not die unshriven, as a copy of this marvellous document was on his body. The form of this letter varies. One is evidently a very debased version of the 'Heavenly Letter' which has played so large a part in the Sabbath controversy. It is a *tendenz-schrift*, giving the direct authority of Christ to the strict observance of the Sunday as the Sabbath. In all ages of Christianity there have been those who assert that the First Day has no valid claim to supersede the Seventh Day, and the 'Heavenly Letter,' in its original form, was probably a pious fraud in the interests of the Sunday-Sabbath.

The strong religious feeling of the Italian, sometimes degenerating into what our colder northern temperament regards as gross superstition, does not prevent him from being keenly alive to priestly failings. This is an old feature in the literature of Italy, and Boccaccio has his modern disciples in the satirical portraiture of the clergy. Here is an account of a priest who, disguised as an angel, tried to obtain from a poor woman the money she had won by a lucky lottery ticket. The story of a priest who has changed his servant-girl twenty-eight times in the course of a year, and the nun discontented with her condition may also be mentioned. There is an edition of Giusti's poem, 'Le Creatore e il suo Mondo' and some other matters

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in a similar vein. There is an anti-Semite flavour about the marvellous occurrence in Siena, where, we are told, a Jew threw his only son into a furnace because the boy wished to become a Christian. The new convert was rescued by the operation of the Virgin. To the same agency is attributed the rescue of a woman unjustly accused of murdering her son, who had in reality committed suicide.

The hagiographical tracts include Barlaam and Giosafat (the curious narrative in which the story of Buddha is transferred to the Lives of the Saints), the prophecies of Brandan, the legend of the Finding of the Cross by St. Helena, the legend of the Seven Sleepers, of Pellegrino, son of the King of Scotland, of St. Christopher, and many others. St. Peter appears in a humorous composition in which he refuses to open the gates of heaven to a Jesuit, an apothecary, and others. Three innkeepers are amongst those who cannot enter in:

Chi non vive giusto e buon  
Non può entrare in salvazion.

To this practical complexion the popular theology of all countries comes at last. The same simple ethical spirit is to be found in the Wise Counsels of Guidone, and in the similar Advice given by a father, on the point of death, to his son, and in the little collection of proverbs which Salani publishes.

Some of the chapbooks have historical or topographical interest. Thus 'Giuseppe Moroni, detto il Niccheri (illeterato)' sings of the beauties of Florence and of the statues of the Uffizi. There are various patriotic verses, including lives of Gari-



baldi and other references to the red shirts. One ballad narrates the career of Ugo Bassi, Garibaldi's friar, who was shot by the Austrians in 1849. The more recent Italian troubles in Africa have also found their poets. The pathetic prayer of Queen Margherita for her murdered husband Umberto touched many hearts, and, with an account of the assassination, forms one of these popular booklets. Amongst other historical themes discussed by the popular poets are the deeds of Nero, the discoveries of Columbus, the defence of Vienna against the Turks, and the sorrows of Beatrice Cenci.

Many chapbooks are mere narratives of crimes and scandals. Thus we have the narrative of the murder of a priest in a wood, and of his servant on the steps of the altar at Basciano; the murder of a girl by her sweetheart; the story of an unnatural mother who throws her little daughter into an oven fire; an account of a Bella Rosina, killed at Rome from jealousy; the story of a girl who kills in succession three of her children born out of wedlock; a narrative of an old man who tries to seduce his son's wife, and, failing, murders her; the account of an incident at Macerata, where a woman killed her husband and two sons in order to be at ease with her lover; the unhappy end of a courtesan who is slain by the man she loves; the cruelty of a barbarous woman who poisoned twenty-three children; the horrible murder of a father, mother, and sister, and how the murderer burned the bodies; the history of Carlo Bertini, who beat his father to death with a stick; the murder of a girl who was cut into thirty-five pieces; the history of a decent

working-man who fell into bad company, became a thief and murderer, and with his companions was condemned to death; an account of two German soldiers who outraged and killed a little Italian girl; and other sordid tragedies which unhappily might be paralleled from the newspapers of every 'civilized' country. The fashion of recounting these horrors in verse which has disappeared from England is still used in Italy. In some cases the proud poet adds his name, but for the most part these doleful ditties are anonymous. Luigi Pergola's 'Storia di Marziale' is a curious narrative. The 'hero' seduces his sister, whom he afterwards kills together with his father, mother, brother, maid-servant and serving-man. He becomes a bandit, takes possession of a castle, and commits enormities of every kind. He ceases to attend mass and 'lives like a Lutheran,' to use the pious poet's expression. A friar who preaches repentance attracts many of Marziale's followers, and the astute brigand sends his mistress Beatrice to allure the holy man into unchastity. This plot fails, the woman becomes penitent, and Marziale determines to kill the friar. But he is himself converted by the reproofs and exhortations of the priest, and having confessed and received absolution, his heart breaks and he dies. A dove flies down from heaven bearing a golden letter which, when read with becoming solemnity by the friar, contains the gratifying intelligence that God has pardoned Marziale and taken him to heaven.

Many chapbooks are devoted to the biography of brigands. Here are the exploits of the ferocious Antonio Crocco, the terror of the province of

Naples, of David Biscarino, of Luciano Fioravanti (who was shot by a peasant), Marco Sciarra, Antonio Schiavone, the child stealer, and others. We can read of the terrible brigand Cirindello, of Ghino di Tacco, who became a bandit because of a vendetta and received the Pope's pardon by the intercession of a rich abbot; of the brigand of Marengo, his deeds against the French, his love for his wife and daughter, and how, when at last he was treacherously betrayed, he killed himself; of Giacomo Rusponi who was beheaded in Corsica in 1900; of Giovanni Maronne, a bandit whose exploits were performed in the Abruzzi; of Antonio Gasparone, who, with six companions, was liberated after forty-seven years of imprisonment; and of Giuseppe Mastrilli, who, owing to a disappointment in love, committed many misdeeds and was banished, and later condemned to death, but managed to escape and died in his own bed, making a penitent and edifying end of a stormy career. Those who are scandalized by the continuance of brigandage in Italy, and the more or less sympathetic attitude of the mass of the population, may do well to consider how in England we still cherish the memory of 'bold Robin Hood,' and chuckle over the fashion of his despoiling of wealthy prelates and rich but hardhearted lay persons of high degree.

Astrology also has its patrons in Italy—as in England—and one of the little books is devoted to an explanation of good and evil influences of the planets on the birth of men and women. A short paragraph in prose is devoted to each month. He who is born in January is, amongst other things,

in danger of losing his wife, but he will not lose her: 'Perchè le donne non si perdon mai!' Then follow verses in *ottava rima* about each day of the week. To explain judicial astrology in seventeen small pages is a task which only a chapbook author could hope to achieve, and it is only fair to say that he has succeeded as well as the compilers of some folios on the same subject.

A favourite form of the chapbook is the 'Contrasto,' dialogue or debate. These debates take a wide range of subject. Thus the respective claims of Pisa and Leghorn, of Venice and Naples, of Rome and Florence, are discussed; a poor man and a rich man try to find out which has the happier lot; an aristocratic lady and a peasant woman discuss the same theme, as also do a citizen and a countryman. There are dialogues between a poet and a usurer, a prior and a mercer; between Death and a miser; between a lovesick hunchback and the lady whom he admires; between a gambler and a drunkard; between a poor mother and her daughter whom she wants to marry a rich old man. There is another in which a mother explains all the inconveniences of matrimony to a daughter anxious to marry. There is a debate between a bachelor and a married man; between Rosina and Teresina, each claiming to be the prettiest and to have the greatest number of admirers; between an idle husband and his idle wife; between a jealous and a contented husband; and between two married men, one of whom is happy and the other unfortunate.

Love and marriage naturally receive much attention, and the eternal feminine—and also the eternal

masculine—are surveyed from different points of view. Side by side with Romeo and Juliet is the narrative of a thrashing given by five girls to a gay Lorenzuccio who had courted them all at the same time.

There is an account of young Constantino, who is in love with twelve different girls. As a counterblast to this there is the story of the beautiful maiden who changed her lover thirty-six times in nine months. There are warnings to young men not to marry, and considerations as to the advantages and disadvantages which may come from the choice of a wife. A beautiful Florentine writes an alphabetical poem on the poison of men; one poet records ninety-nine, another one hundred, and a third one hundred and sixty-six defects or sins of womankind.

In one book we have the sad consequences of clandestine love; in another the story of a girl seduced by her betrothed and afterwards killed by him because her relations will not permit their marriage. There is the story of Pierina, who first pledges her love to Bastiano and then to Constantino; the jilted Bastiano kills her, cuts out her heart and serves it up in a dinner to Constantino, then Bastiano kills himself, and Constantino dies of grief:

Che l'amore è una passione  
Che si lascia dominar;  
Ci conduce, all' occasione,  
Anche al pessimo operar.

In 'Teresina e Paolino' we have recorded the attempt of a mother to compel her daughter to be a nun—not a unique occurrence if we may trust

the evidence of the popular poet. Amongst these books are a guide for lovers, the lamentations of twenty-four damsels who cannot find husbands, and the story of an old man who married ten wives in succession. The marriages of May and December are duly satirised, as are also the vanishing charms of a lady with false hair, teeth, and other artificial aids to beauty. In one poem a jealous wife is cured with a stick, and the popular poet in various lays appears to approve of this method. The eight joys and the eight sorrows of young married people is a pessimistic production, and the same may be said of the faults of husbands as recounted by their wives. Amongst the booklets relating to marriage is the odd 'Storia di Baruccabà,' a Jew who is twice married. His first wife, Luna, dies; his second wife, Diana, runs away from him; he commits suicide, and the rabbi, who had arranged one of his marriages, is thrown into the river:

Morto il Rabino,  
E morta Luna,  
Diana la fugge.  
Che disfortuna! . . .  
Ma quel che è peggio,  
E morto ancora  
Baruccabà!

The humorous and satirical element is not the strongest, but the sayings of Arlecchino; the lamentations of the tradesmen; the donkey of Pipone; the adventures of Marco; the wise ass who when stolen kicks the thief and goes back to his master's stable; a dialect poem on the Vendemmia de' Contadini; the servant-girls of Florence; and the foolish, the drunken, and the hypocritical wife may be



named. The cats' wedding, the moles' supper, the misfortunes of the dogs, are types of another class of composition. To these humorous pieces may be added the agreeable and pleasing testament of *Barbariccia* of the red nose.

There are scores of song-books—'garlands' as they were called in this country—and the theme of most of them is love, which is treated from every point of view—serious, jocose, and sentimental. For the most part they more than fulfil the promise of the title-page. Thus, when we are only promised some verses about 'L'Amore d'Inverno,' we find the libretto also contains 'Beltà d'Amore,' 'Il Fiore,' 'I Maccheroni di Napoli,' 'Messaggio d'Amore,' 'Non ti so dir perchè . . .', and 'Mi si strugge il Cor.' Love songs of every kind and of all qualities are to be found. A Venetian serenade, with the lady's response; the complaint of a discarded lover; the sorrows of unfortunate lovers, the joys of happy ones; the soldier's letter to his sweetheart; the mariner's wife; Martin's adventures in courting in succession eighteen ladies, lover's treachery; the betrayed maiden, the young fisherman wooed by a water-nymph,—such are the themes of these minstrels. Perhaps the most characteristic are the collections of *stornelli*, those flowers of popular poetry. Here are two:

Fior di scarlatto!  
Alle porte di Napoli c'è scritto:  
'In Paradiso c'è il vostro ritratto.'

Fiore di felce!  
Dove passato voi l'erba ci nasce,  
E nel mese di Maggio ci fiorisce.

As people cannot always be singing there are aids to 'parlour games' (a phrase almost now obsolete), the conjuring-book of Bosco, and collections of riddles. One will perhaps suffice. To the question: 'Per che causa gli Asini ragliano assai nel mese di maggio?' the sufficing answer is, 'Perché non son morti in Aprile.'

Many of the Italian chapbooks of the twentieth century are echoes of the older literature, but the adventures of Pyramus and Thisbe are re-enforced by those of Paul and Virginie, and the Exiles of Siberia. A rhyming version of Dumas' great story bears as its title-page this excellent condensation of the famous romance: 'Il Conte di Montecristo dove s'intende che un marinajo per nome Edemondo, per vendetta di chi l'aveva fatto imprigionare si liberasse prodigiosamente del carcere e divenuto gran milionario si vendicasse di quelli che l'avevano condannato innocente.' The 'Difesa di uno Soldato Prussiano' is a version of the 'Soldier's Prayer-Book' in which a whole body of theological doctrine is based on a pack of cards by a warrior who is about to be punished for having them in church. There are popular versions of this story in at least a dozen languages, of which the most elaborate is the Welsh one of Dewi Fardd. The 'Funestissimo Caso di un' assassino che uccise il proprio figlio incognito' is very popular, and is the theme of a romance published by the same enterprising firm. Armando Dominicis calls his book 'L'Oste assassino del Proprio Figlio,' a historical narrative, and says that it happened in a wood three miles from Rome. The plot is the same as that of Lillo's 'Fatal Curi-

osity,' and has been told as happening in various places and different lands. An English street ballad, 'The Liverpool Tragedy,' is devoted to the same theme.<sup>1</sup> The sufferings of Ugolino are sung by 'Aurelio Angeloni, poeta,' who cannot truthfully be said to have improved upon Dante. The trials and patience of Queen Uliva, the daughter of the Emperor Julian, and the wife of the King of Castille, are sufficiently romantic. Thrice is she enclosed in a chest and committed to the mercy of the waves; but she survives all the troubles arising from a wicked father, a revengeful lover, and a treacherous mother-in-law, and lives happily with her royal husband. This bears some resemblance to the history of Queen Stella, who is falsely accused by Mattabruna, her mother-in-law; but after many sufferings is rescued and restored by her sons. The adventures of Stellante Costantina, the daughter of the Grand Turk, who was taken from her father by Christians and sold to young Bellafronte of Vicenza, of whom she became the wife, furnish a curious variation of the folk-tale of the Thankful Dead. Francesca da Rimini, Pia de' Tolomei, the Roman Daughter, Genoveva, Paris and Vienna are all remembered by our minstrels. Then there is the story of the proud Emperor, a variant of the legend of Robert of Sicily, so well known from Longfellow's beautiful poem. The history of a dispossessed monarch has taken many forms; one is told by the Rabbin of Solomon to explain the verse 'I, the preacher,

<sup>1</sup> This I have discussed in my 'Lancashire Gleanings' (Manchester, 1883, p. 357). See also Köhler's 'Kleinere Schriften,' iii. 185.

was King in Jerusalem.' Another chapbook tells how the Empress Flavia was accused of unfaithfulness, and how after much suffering her innocence was recognized. The tragical story of 'Cavalier Tiranno' shows how he killed two priests, his wife, and his two sons. In the marvellous adventures of the valiant Leonildo, the son of the King of Armenia, we have another echo of mediaeval romance. A courtier substitutes his own for the king's son, whom he throws into the river whence he is rescued by a lioness. He is found in a wood by a shepherd, who brings him up, and after many remarkable incidents he comes to his own again. There is an account of a great serpent which killed twenty-three children in Corsica. Guerrino, called Il Meschino, is another favourite. He was the son of a prince, was taken by corsairs and sold into slavery, and after many valiant deeds against the Turks, rescued his parents from their captivity in the city of Durazzo.

In a bizarre poem which begins

In nome del Padre, Figliulo  
 E spirito Santo  
 Donato, il Bernardo cittadino,  
 Fece l'istoria del Cavalier Turchino,

the hero in a conversation with Death vainly endeavours to postpone his end, and, whilst acknowledging many sins, is naturally slow to acknowledge that he is "damned." The story of Federico and Margherita is at once gruesome and grotesque. A merchant of Barcelona has a son and daughter. The daughter, when a child, is, with her nurse, taken by

Turkish pirates but ten years later is recaptured by her brother. Ignorant of their relationship they are in love, and after it is discovered that they are brother and sister they kill father, mother and nurse and take refuge in a bandit's cave, where they are assisted by a couple of monkeys. Margherita gives birth to twins, whom she kills and serves up at supper to Federico, but he hears a warning voice. A quarrel follows and Margharita kills Federico and prepares to kill herself, when a new lover appears and, being now effectually off with the old love, she is ready to be on with the new, when the monkeys, who are demons in disguise, bear her off to perdition! The histories of Liombruno, and of Giovanni Boccadoro, are also echoes of old romance. The poem in which the adventures of Leonzio are narrated is worth attention if only for the fact that the sorry hero is an Englishman. He is convinced that there is no life beyond the grave, and gives himself up to the desires of the eyes and the lusts of the flesh. He builds a lordly pleasure-house in which he resolves to give a grand banquet. Passing by a graveyard where he finds a skull, he jestingly invites it to the festival that he may know if there is a heaven and a hell. When the feast is at its height there comes a knocking at the door. It is the black shade of the dead man whom Leonzio had invited, and now vainly strives to bar out of the house. But the hour has come and the lamentations of Leonzio are heard as he is carried away through the air to his doom.

The story of Elisabetta Gagliari, who was "buried alive" for thirty years by her relations, is told in

*ottava rima* by Raffaello Poggiali, who declares the incident to have occurred at Udine. The more moderate period of four years of subterranean captivity is given to 'La Sepolta Viva.'

Lastly may be named the 'Storia di Ginevra degli Almieri.' The heroine, married against her will, is supposed to be dead and is rescued from the grave by her lover. Elsewhere<sup>1</sup> I have tried to trace the story of the buried bride who comes to life again. It is found in forms, pathetic or grotesque, in France, Spain, Portugal, Germany and England as well as in Italy. It is to be found also in India and in China. It has furnished a theme for Boccaccio, for Shelley and for Tennyson.

The greater part of this literature is in verse. The structure of the language of Italy makes rhyming so easy that poetry is even more easily divorced from verse in that country than in less favoured climes. Some of our authors have felt this. One of them ends his seventeen stanzas on 'La Salvazione dell' Anima,' thus:

Se qualche rima mia fosse mancante,  
Siete pregate, benigne persone;  
Sono il Giagnoni e di buon cuor zelante.  
Vi prego aver di me gran compassione.  
Non vidi mai nè calamaio, nè carte . . .  
Mi raccomando con buona intenzione.  
Legger non so, e mi son dichiarato,  
Son Antonio Giagnoni di Iolo di Prato.

<sup>1</sup> See Tennyson's 'Lover's Tale; its Original and Analogues' ('Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature,' Second Series, vol. xxiv., p. 61).

Several of the chapbook authors humbly,—or is it ostentatiously?—declare themselves to be as illiterate as Giagnoni. The ‘unlettered muse’ is still an active force in Italy.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.



## THE INDIA OFFICE LIBRARY.

**T**HE executive charge of the India Office Library passed at the beginning of the year from Mr. Charles H. Tawney, who retired under the Civil Service age rules, to Mr. Frederick W. Thomas, Mr. T. W. Arnold, of the Government College, Lahore, being appointed to succeed the latter as assistant librarian. The Library has been in existence for more than a century, and Mr. Thomas has had eight predecessors. In 1798, the Court of Directors of the East India Company, moved thereto by their learned 'Historiographer,' Robert Orme, resolved to set apart a portion of the East India House in Leadenhall Street for the accommodation of a library and museum. In a sketch of Orme's life, preceding his posthumously published 'Historical Fragments of Indostan' (1805), we read that he frequently lamented the want of an Oriental collection of manuscripts and printed books in England 'for affording that information on Indian affairs, the expense and labour of obtaining which was oppressive in the extreme when undertaken by private individuals.' He asserted that 'a ship's cargo of original and valuable MSS. might be collected in the settlements between Delhi and Cape Comorin.' Orme pressed these views on John Roberts, his friend and executor, who was on several occasions chairman or deputy-chairman of

the Company, and they at last prevailed. Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Wilkins, the close associate of Sir William Jones, and who played the part of a pioneer in establishing printing-presses both in India and in this country for Oriental script, returned to England in middle life in consequence of a breakdown in health. The Royal Society gave him their medal as '*princeps litteraturae Sanscritae*,' an honour intended to witness to the new field of study he had opened up as the first European to devote attention to Indian epigraphy. He was naturally selected to be the first librarian and curator of the suggested collections, and in 1799 he drew up '*A Plan for an Oriental Museum proposed to be established at the India House.*' Wilkins put the Library in the forefront of the scheme, and proposed that it should consist of manuscripts and printed books: 'The manuscripts to include works in all the languages of Asia; but particularly in the Persian, Arabic and Sanskrita: and great care should be taken to make the collection very select, as well in correctness as subject. The printed books should consist generally of all such works as in any way relate to Oriental subjects, including all that has been published upon the languages of the East, and every work which has appeared under the patronage of the Company. Maps, charts, and views, with coins, medals, statues and inscriptions, may be included under this head.' The memorandum went on to suggest that the Museum should comprise specimens of natural and artificial productions, and miscellaneous articles, 'chiefly presents, and generally such things as cannot conveniently be classed under

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any of the former heads.' Finally, Wilkins remarked 'how exceedingly useful to the cause of science in general' would be the formation of a Society 'similar to that now flourishing in Calcutta'—the Asiatic Society of Bengal—under the patronage of the Honourable Company, and with permission to hold their meetings in the Library. This suggestion was the germ from which some years later was evolved the Royal Asiatic Society, which, however, has not yet had the advantage of resort to a State-supported printing-office, 'furnished with types in the Oriental characters' such as Wilkins asked the Company to establish.

The scheme seems to have been considered in leisurely fashion, for it was not until the end of 1801 that 'a Committee for superintending the Library' held a meeting and resolved 'that all printed books at present dispersed about the House and warehouses, not in use in the several departments, be deposited in the Library, together with any articles of curiosity that can be collected within the House or warehouses.' A few months earlier Orme had passed away, leaving to the proposed Library many maps, printed books, manuscripts and other valuable historical material, and this example was followed in other quarters, members of the Services in India being invited to aid in the creation of the institution. There was, indeed, no systematic attempt to gather up the 'ship's load' of manuscripts declared by Orme to be available, but some valuable contributions were made, including Mr. Colebrooke's priceless collection of some 2,000 volumes of Sanskrit manuscripts, and the Hamilton collec-

tion of Oriental, Portuguese and Dutch papers. It was natural that an Oriental linguist of the stamp of Wilkins should devote his attention principally to the Library, and that, in consequence, the Museum should very slowly acquire a character suitable for its purpose. Within a few years, the curatorship was transferred to Dr. Horsfield, leaving Wilkins free for the work he most loved. The two institutions were worked harmoniously side by side, until the break-up of the East India Company after the Mutiny, when the Museum was temporarily accommodated in Fife House, Whitehall, and the Library found shelter in the offices of the expiring Board of Control in Cannon Row. Upon the opening of the India Office in 1867, the two institutions were again brought into close proximity, the top floor of the office being set apart for their accommodation. Business men soon complained of the inaccessibility of the Museum, then under the energetic curatorship of Dr. Forbes Watson, Reporter on the Products of India, who, recognizing the makeshift character of the arrangements, submitted to the Secretary of State an ambitious scheme of 'Measures Required for the Efficient Working of the India Museum and Library, with Suggestions for the Foundation, in connection with them, of an Indian Institute, for Enquiry, Lecture and Teaching.' This brilliant monograph was published as a Blue-book in 1874, and extends, with appendices, to sixty-four pages. Dr. Watson insisted on the importance of keeping the two institutions together under a single roof, urging that on almost every subject the resources of the Museum required to be

supplemented by those of the Library, while, on the other hand, the Museum collections frequently afforded very useful illustrations of the subjects to which the books in the Library referred. 'By uniting the two collections,' wrote the Reporter, 'we form an institution containing a full representation of every feature of India's present condition or past history, affording complete means of research on every Indian subject, and capable of exercising a much greater influence than the two could exercise if separated from each other.' These views commended themselves to the Secretary of State in Council, and while finding it necessary to lease temporarily the Eastern Exhibition galleries at South Kensington for housing the Museum, the Council formally resolved to erect a great Indian Institute on the vacant ground adjacent to the India Office, belonging to the Secretary of State, 'at an expenditure not exceeding £75,000, with such assistance as can be obtained from the Imperial Government.' But the Imperial Government refused to lend any assistance to the project, and the alternative course of relieving Indian revenues from chargeability for the Museum was ultimately adopted. The collections were taken over by the British Government, and were distributed between South Kensington, the Bethnal Green Museum, the Royal School of Mines, and Kew. The magnificent site abutting on Parliament Street, where the Indian Institute was to have formed a microcosm of the resources, history, antiquities and archaeology of the Eastern Empire, remained vacant for another quarter of a century, and now great Government offices are being slowly reared upon it.

Meanwhile the Library, unlike its twin sister, has had a career of steady, unchecked progress. Sir Charles Wilkins, whose salary was £1,000 a year, retained his appointment until his death in 1836, when he was not far short of ninety. Professor H. H. Wilson, who had been assistant to that great Orientalist, John Leyden, at the Calcutta Mint, and who had in 1819, completed the first Sanskrit-English dictionary, was appointed to succeed Wilkins. Wilson was then filling the Boden chair of Sanskrit at Oxford, and his dictionary, of which a second edition was published in 1832, had become the standard work of reference for all European scholars—a position it retained until the publication of the great German lexicon was completed in 1875. An untiring worker, Wilson spent his vacations from the India House in discharging the duties of his professorship, holding classes late into the night; but there was no lack of zeal and assiduity in the performance of his duties as Librarian. Under his direction the first catalogue of printed books was published. Issued in 1845, it covers 283 octavo pages, exclusive of the index, and a second volume, completing the work, brought out in 1851, comprises 189 pages. These figures may be contrasted with those for the general catalogue now in use, brought out in 1888, and the supplement issued in 1895, which between them cover with the indexes 1,058 pages, or rather more than double the space required for the earlier enumeration. The figures given are exclusive, of course, of the catalogues of Oriental books. Dr. Wilson lived to superintend the removal of the Library from the East India House to Cannon Row, and it was not until 1860

that the institution lost by death its second custodian. But the tenures of the two following Librarians did not last out the decade into which that of the second Librarian had extended. Wilson's successor, Dr. James R. Ballantyne, had for some years been in charge of the Government Sanskrit College at Benares, and had brought out a comprehensive series of works with the design of rendering the valuable elements in Hindu thought more acceptable to European students than they had so far been and *vice versa*. In 1864, within three years of taking over the duties of Librarian, he passed away, and was followed by Dr. Fitzedward Hall, another eminent Sanskritist. Prone to come into conflict with those about him, Hall resigned the coveted position after holding it only five years. He will be chiefly remembered for his laborious and gratuitous co-operation with Dr. Murray in the preparation of the Oxford-English Dictionary, to which work for many years he devoted four hours daily. Indeed, when he died in the early part of 1901, the 'Times' obituary did not so much as mention his brief official connection with the India Office or his contributions to Oriental learning. Much more widely known was his successor in the Librarianship, the erudite Dr. Reinhold Rost, who was then Secretary to the Royal Asiatic Society. In the sketch of his career in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' Mr. A. N. Wollaston states that he found the Library 'a scattered mass of priceless, but unexamined and unarranged MSS., and left it to a large extent an organized and catalogued collection, second only to that of the British Museum.' The same authority



puts Rost second only to Sir William Jones as a universal linguist. There was scarcely a language spoken in the Eastern hemisphere with which Rost was not at least to some extent familiar. His mastery of Sanskrit was complete, and the breadth of his Oriental learning led scholars throughout the world to consult him repeatedly on points of difficulty and doubt. Great progress was made in cataloguing and arranging the manuscript collections during the twenty-four years of Rost's librarianship; and many matters which had formerly been left to chance were brought within the purview of definite rules and principles. Dr. Rost was retired under Civil Service rules in 1893, and died three years later. His successor, Mr. Charles H. Tawney, had had an eminent career in the Bengal Educational Service, and had also done creditable work as a Sanskritist. His decade of custodianship was chiefly noticeable for the progress made in printing the various catalogues of manuscript and collections of printed books.

What those collections comprise may be briefly indicated. The general, Bühler, Burnell, Mackenzie and Tagore collections of Sanskrit and allied Indian vernacular writings, comprise some 5,300 volumes. Of Arabic documents there are over a thousand volumes in a general collection, and nearly 3,000 taken from the Mogul archives upon the fall of Delhi, when some 2,600 Persian manuscripts were also taken. These literary treasures were roughly enumerated in Calcutta before being sent to this country, but a comprehensive *catalogue raisonné* is now in course of preparation by Syed Ali Bilgrami,

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Reader in Marathi at Cambridge University. There are some 3,000 Persian manuscripts in a general collection. The Library also comprises Pali, Burmese, Sinhalese, Malay and Javanese paper and palm-leaf writings, and 336 volumes of Tibetan and 921 volumes of Chinese block-prints, besides many miscellaneous documents collected by Hodson and Wilson, and some 880 volumes of English and European manuscripts of historical value, severally collected by Orme, Mackenzie, Elliott, Buchanan-Hamilton, Wilks and others. In all, the Library contains some 12,000 manuscripts. The last number reached in Dr. Eggeling's Sanskrit catalogue is 4,201, while Ethé's Persian catalogue goes up to over 3,000. The other department of the Library—that of printed books—has two divisions, the 'Red' or Oriental side, comprising some 14,000 volumes in Eastern languages, or translations therefrom; and the 'Blue,' or European side, which contains no less than 42,000 volumes ranged in blocks corresponding approximately to the subject-divisions of the catalogues. To this rule there are necessary exceptions, as for instance in the case of magazine articles, pamphlets, etc., bound together as 'Tracts'; and of periodicals and 'pictorials.' From time to time useless books and duplicates have been disposed of, and it is expected that if these precedents are followed no question of inadequacy of space will arise for another twenty years, despite the constant additions made to the Library. In connection with the numbers given, it should be remembered that the very voluminous official literature of India, comprising the innumerable 'administrative reports' pouring

from the Government presses in a constant stream, is not included in the totals, excepting in the case of reports more generally consulted, which are, until replaced by later publications of the same series, located among the books of reference in the Library Reading-Room. The bulk of the reports are received and housed by the Record Department, whose occupied shelves if placed in single line would extend to a distance of five miles. Yet so admirable are the methods of classification and indexing that any file, paper or book required can be obtained in five or ten minutes. In the Library every facility is given to literary workers to refer to or take away on loan any books or manuscripts they may need. Of course the rules respecting the borrowing of manuscripts lay down stringent conditions to insure the safe return of these treasures. What Dr. Rost reported in 1877 still applies—the facilities afforded for the loan of manuscripts are never abused. On the contrary, there is in most cases a fair return—provided for in the rules—‘in the shape of valuable publications on the literature and archaeology of India, many of which would not have seen the light but for the aid derived from our manuscripts.’ Mr. Thomas, the new Librarian, is an enthusiastic Orientalist, and under his painstaking administration this great literary depository may be expected fully to maintain the reputation it has gained amongst scholars for general efficiency and relative importance as one of the very best and most highly organized collections of Oriental literature the world contains.

F. H. BROWN.

# LETTERS OF HENRY BRADSHAW TO OFFICIALS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



AN allusion, in the first of my two articles on Robert Proctor to these letters, addressed by Henry Bradshaw to Winter Jones and other officials at the British Museum, reminded Dr. Garnett of their existence, and caused him to recommend that they should be printed in 'The Library.' I have tried to repay the pleasure I have found in reading them again by adding some notes and references, and a few others have been contributed by Mr. Jenkinson. For permission to print the letters 'The Library' is indebted to Mr. Bradshaw's relations, and to Mr. G. W. Prothero, who kindly put me into communication with them.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

Cambridge, 23rd November, 1859.

DEAR MR. JONES,

The Antiquaries refer me to you as knowing more about early English broadsides than any other man.

In my searches in the Public Library I have just

found a broadside,<sup>1</sup> 'Lamentation on the death of Henry 8,' in 15 or 16 7-line stanzas—'Imprinted at London in Paternoster Row by Ihone Turcke—Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.' No date, but of course about February 1546-47. It is as fresh as new, having served as a fly-leaf to Abp. Cranmer's copy of Cranz's *Metropolis* (Basil, 1548 fol.) which came into our library about 1590, and has rarely, I dare say, been seen since. Also an Oxford broadside<sup>2</sup> of *Prenostica* for the year 1518—'in celeberima [*sic*] Oxoniensi academia impressa,' in the type used by John Scholar in the books he printed at Oxford in that year.

Don't trouble yourself to write, as I dare say I shall be in town in a few weeks; but if you could have search made as to what you have of the kind, I should be much obliged.

In the little volume of Catechisms (1018. h. 10 I think) which I had brought down to your room the other day—the first is a copy—wanting the 1st and last leaves—of O'Daly's Catechism printed at Louvain in 1663, and not O'Hussey's as it stands entered in your Catalogues.<sup>3</sup> I think Prince Lucien Bonaparte has the Bp. of Cashel's perfect copy.

In your copy of French's Doleful Fall of Andrew Sall—1674, 8vo, the half sheet of approbations is wanting. It is signed †, and immediately follows *The Author to the Reader*. My copy has it—and they

<sup>1</sup> [See Sayle, No. 1018. 'Probably printed by R. Bankes' for Turcke.]

<sup>2</sup> [See Sayle, No. 5221.]

<sup>3</sup> This is still ascribed to O'Hussey in the British Museum Catalogue, if it be 1018. h. 10.

are of considerable importance—but I want a quarter sheet in the middle of the volume. I am writing now of the Grenville copy<sup>1</sup>—I don't know whether you have another. These defects in the Grenville copies are particularly unfortunate—as booksellers only care to have what the Grenville copies have—and they are made the Standard copies in the country—for collation.

Do you know anything of an edition of Stanbridge's *Accidence*,<sup>2</sup> 'printed at Canterbury by John Mychel' in four sheets (A—D) in quarto? I found the outer half of sheet C, and the same of sheet D a few days ago—in the binding. The latter piece gives the imprint and the great cut underneath it very well. We have a perfect copy of John Skot's ed<sup>a</sup> also—but even this last is not mentioned anywhere as far as I see—except by Tanner, who of course refers to our copy, then in the library of his uncle Bp. Moore. But I shall waste too much of your time if I raise your curiosity any further—and I shall only hope to see you sometime before the close of the year—and for the present—with many thanks for your kindness—remain

Yours most faithfully  
HENRY BRADSHAW.

Cambridge, 21st December, 1859.

DEAR MR. JONES,

I find that £7 was the sum which we gave last January for the Zurich preliminary matter

<sup>1</sup> G. 5505: the only one in the British Museum.

<sup>2</sup> [Sayle 5877. This is not mentioned in Mr. Allnutt's list of Mychel's books, 'Bibliographica,' vol. ii., p. 43.]

of the quarto Bible of 1550,<sup>1</sup> while £4 10s. was given for some other fac-similes bought at the same time—I remember Mr. Fry saying that he had previously asked a higher price for it.

On Saturday last—the day after I was with you—I had the good fortune to discover in the contemporary English binding of a book printed by Day and Seres in 1550 (observe the date) two leaves,<sup>2</sup> the twelfth and thirteenth, of this very Zurich-printed Table of Contents which has been fac-similed! So it seems clear that the English publishers when the book came to England, cancelled the old preface and threw it into the waste paper basket for the binders to use. It was the natural inference to draw from what facts we knew, but I little expected to prove it so satisfactorily and so soon.

It struck me also about the French Testament of 1553, that in a 'Apology for the French Protestants in Ireland' *Dubl.* 1712, 4° I have seen an Abstract of Letters Patents granted by Edw. 6 to French Refugees in London. If so—and I have no doubt it is so—this volume would be one of the *very* few literary relics of French Protestantism in England of that date, and is therefore a thing for you to be on the look out for.

Yours very much

HENRY BRADSHAW.

<sup>1</sup> 'Prynted for Andrew Hester.' A set of these facsimile leaves is bound up with the British Museum copy, C. 24. 6. 20. Cp. note in British Museum Catalogue, and Sayle, p. 1411.

<sup>2</sup> So Mr. Sayle (p. 154, 1142) notes that Day printed in 1550 for Gwalter Lynne four preliminary leaves for an edition of 'The True Beliefe in Christ' of which the text was printed by Froschouer at Zurich.



King's College, Cambridge,  
23rd January, 1861.

DEAR MR. JONES

Can you give me any information about a quantity of reprints (made quite lately) which are advertised in Notes and Queries as to be sold at Sotheby's<sup>1</sup> on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of February?

I suppose they have already offered copies to you privately—and I have no notion what they are likely to bring, in case we are able to bid.

My examination of the Arundell copy of Parker's book *De Antiquitate Britannicae Ecclesiae* was very satisfactory, and I now believe I shall be able to make a proper collation of the book—I wanted to see the copy w<sup>h</sup> belonged to Queen Elizabeth,<sup>2</sup> but was not able to get to town, and I must leave it till I can run up from here.

You have the first three sheets of Coverdale's

<sup>1</sup> This was a sale of copies of twenty-eight 'Reprints and Facsimiles illustrative of Early English and Shakespearian Literature,' the impressions of which are mostly limited to twenty-six or thirty copies. A 'Notice' prefixed to the catalogue says: 'The present sale being somewhat of a peculiar character, it may be well to state that the *entire impressions* of the various pieces are now sold, with the exception of a single copy of each sent to the British Museum under the requirements of the Copyright Act, and another single copy of some of them reserved for the editor's use. They will be sold without any reserve, the present sale being merely an experiment to ascertain if such bibliographical curiosities can thus be made to meet their expenses without the trouble attendant on subscriptions.' The total realized was £415 6s. 6d., the prices per copy of different works varying from 4s. to 28s. The British Museum accepted its copies as donations, but the University Libraries were surely entitled to claim under the Copyright Act as soon as the sale was announced.

<sup>2</sup> Exhibited in the King's Library at the British Museum.

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Catechism of 1550<sup>1</sup>—or rather I should say on closer inspection—the first quire containing the title and following seven leaves. If you think it could be safely sent through the Post, between two bits of mill-board, I would ask you to send it to me so: otherwise it may wait with you.

Yours very truly

HENRY BRADSHAW.

Cambridge, 1st February, 1861.

DEAR MR. JONES,

I will leave the Coverdale until I see you, which I hope will be at the beginning of the week.

The Catalogue of Halliwell's reprints, I received after I wrote to you, and from it I understood that copies had been deposited with you *in obedience to the Copyright Act*. If so I suppose we could claim them; if presented to the Museum as privately printed books, of course we could not claim them. It was at least a needless assertion on Halliwell's part, unless he meant them to be claimed by the other libraries.

I had made Gaselee's<sup>2</sup> acquaintance a week or two before I received your note. I took a great fancy to him when he first came up, but I had no opportunity of meeting him till quite lately. You will readily believe that I shall not take a *less* interest in

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Jenkinson refers me for this to Sayle, No. 6286, 'A shorte Catechism' assigned to E. Allen, printed in 1550, Mr. Sayle thinks, at Zurich. Bradshaw's identification of this with the Catechism which Bale is said to attribute to Coverdale was apparently erroneous.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. H. Gaselee of King's—a wrangler in 1864.

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him from knowing that he is acquainted with you. I am off to Eton for two days to-morrow—and want to be back here by Monday night or Tuesday at latest. So I shall hope to see you one of these days. Meantime I am

Yours very much  
HENRY BRADSHAW.

King's, 21st March, 1861.

DEAR MR. JONES,

I must write one line to say how glad I am for your sake that Abbott<sup>1</sup> is Senior Classic, though he has cut out one of my own most intimate friends. Still it is no dishonour to be beaten by such a man. The first three were almost exactly equal, but they very wisely determined to avoid bracketing any two men together if they could possibly help it.

I wish you would oblige me by comparing the measurement on the opposite side with the page of the St. Albans '*Exempla Sacre Scripture*' which is in the show-case opposite the door of your room. I am convinced my fragments are English type, or something uncommonly like, and I cannot help thinking they are St. Alban's. When I am able to get away, I will bring them up to show you.

Yours very much  
HENRY BRADSHAW.

<sup>1</sup> E. A. Abbott of St. John's, afterwards Headmaster of the City of London School. He was connected by marriage with Serjeant Parry, formerly of the British Museum, a great friend of Mr. Jones. The Right Hon. G. O. Trevelyan of Trinity was second classic, and Mr. F. Warre Cornish (Vice-Provost of Eton) of King's, third.

King's, 25th March, 1861.

DEAR MR. JONES,

Thank you very much for your ready reply. I am very much pleased with the coincidence of the lines—and I will send you a tracing as soon as I can. The number of lines meant nothing, as the book I want to identify is a folio, in double columns, with 44 lines on a page.

This gives me *four* sizes of type used at St. Alban's.

(1) Very small—in the 'Daſti Elegantiolae' without date, but without printed signatures, and probably the earliest book known as printed there. 4<sup>to</sup>. Unique, in our Public Library.<sup>1</sup>

(2) Next size. 'Exempla Sacre Scripture' in the British Museum.<sup>2</sup> (Is this 1481?)

*Also*, my fragment—apparently somebody's 'Formalitates' or 'De ente et essentia' or some such work.<sup>3</sup>

*Also apparently*, Albertus de modis significandi. 1480. 4°. Unique (as far as I know) in the Imperial Library at Paris. Mentioned by Ames.<sup>4</sup>

(3) Ordinary type of the Book of Hawking, &c. 1486 folio.<sup>5</sup>

(4) Black type used in the Book of Hawking

<sup>1</sup> Sayle 82. In his 'Early English Printing' Mr. Duff notes that 'this type was not used again, except for the signatures of some of the later books.

<sup>2</sup> Proctor 9826. In Mr. Duff's Type 3.

<sup>3</sup> See Sayle 85, 'Joannes Canonicus: Questiones super Physica Aristotelis.'

<sup>4</sup> Pellechet 269, where the reference to Duff should be to Plate XXXIII., not XIII.

<sup>5</sup> Mr. Duff, Type 2.

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&c.<sup>1</sup> 1486. folio. Can you ascertain to which of these sizes the Laurentius de Saona<sup>2</sup> belongs? You have a copy (1480, 4<sup>o</sup>) in the King's Library. And also in which type the Chronicle<sup>3</sup> is (1483 or thereabouts in folio)?

We have specimens now of almost every English fifteenth century type. If you come across any fragments of Pynson's Canterbury Tales—the first edition—I should be very glad to secure them. We have a very fine copy, wanting only two or three leaves, in our own College Library—but that is not the same thing as having it in the Public Library.

Yours very much  
HENRY BRADSHAW.

Cambridge, 25th October, 1861.

DEAR MR. JONES,

As you are the head-quarters of bibliographical knowledge—I write one line to let you know of the existence of a perfectly clean uncut (12 in. by 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ ) copy of the *Margarita eloquentie castigate*<sup>4</sup> of Fr. Laurentius de Saona printed by Caxton in the types used in the Dictes, Boethius, Mirror, and Cordial—I have no doubt in the latter part of the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Duff's Type 4. He notes: 'This Type 4 seems to be identical with Caxton's Type 3.'

<sup>2</sup> Proctor 9824. Types 1 and 2.

<sup>3</sup> Proctor 9827. Type 2.

<sup>4</sup> For an account of Bradshaw's discovery of this Caxton in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, see Blades's 'William Caxton' (1882), p. 220.

year 1478—the spacing very uneven, and no printed signatures—It is a folio of 250 pages—and is no doubt the original from which your St. Alban's ed<sup>n</sup> of 1480 was printed.

It is the more choice, because it is one of the very few Latin books which we have, printed by Caxton. I have no time to add more, but shall be most happy to show it you when you come.

It eclipses my three new St. Alban's and three new Oxford<sup>1</sup> books, which I used to think so much of.

Yours very much  
HENRY BRADSHAW.

Cambridge, 18th November, 1861.

DEAR MR. JONES,

Would you let me have a line to say whether the enclosed collation<sup>2</sup> corresponds at all with your copy of the *Horae* in Case 35?

I believe C.35.e. is how it is marked in the Catalogue. It is within borders—and has 22 lines on a page—The type<sup>3</sup> is that used by De Worde in the *Scala Perfectionis* of 1494, and by Caxton or De Worde for *stray words* in the Festival ed. 2, Chastising of God's children, The Treatise of Love &c. and for the head-lines of the Golden Legend of 1493.

I want specially to know what the preliminary

<sup>1</sup> The three Oxford books identified by Bradshaw, are apparently the 'Anwykyll,' 'Swynesthede,' and 'Hampole,' the three of St. Alban's must be the 'Datus,' Antonius Andreae and another.

<sup>2</sup> The collation has not been preserved. The 'Horae' must be Proctor 9695.

<sup>3</sup> Blades's Type 7, now cited as Type 8.

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quire contains—that is how many leaves—as I believe your copy is perfect so far.

I hope a day or two at home set you up after the racketing about of your visit here.

Yours very much

HENRY BRADSHAW.

Mr. Blades has been down, and is well satisfied with the Caxton<sup>1</sup> at Corpus Christi College.

King's College, Cambridge,  
29th January, 1863.

DEAR MR. JONES

I wish you would kindly let one of your assistants let me know whether the Museum contains any<sup>2</sup> copies of the earliest editions of the *Speculum* (Naturale, Doctrinale, Morale, and Historiale) of Vincentius Beluacensis—I mean, of the editions printed and thought to be printed by Mentelin in 1473 and later by a few years—all without printed signatures. We have two volumes of one set and three of another, but all shockingly imperfect. They are minutely described by Van Praet in vol. 4 of the *Bibliothèque du Roi*. I do not see them in your 8° catalogue, nor the King's nor the Grenville—but you very likely bought Dr Kloss' copies. I do not like taking up your time or your assistants', but, as there

<sup>1</sup> The 'Margarita eloquentie castigate' of the previous letter.

<sup>2</sup> For Mentelin's editions see Proctor 212 and 214; for those of the R. Printer 252 and 255.

<sup>3</sup> The British Museum set—a hybrid, partly Mentelin's, partly the R. printer's—was acquired in 1845.



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is no proper collation on record, a line from the Museum may just enable me to make one.

Ever yours

HENRY BRADSHAW.

I had hoped to come up this week, but Mr. Hobson has just lost his father—and I am acting deputy for him.

King's College, Cambridge,  
18th February, 1863.

DEAR MR. JONES,

I will institute a search at Trinity tomorrow, for any old College prayer books w<sup>h</sup> there may possibly be containing the form in Mr. Lathbury's book, and let you know as soon as possible. I am very much obliged for your notice of the *Speculum* copies in the Museum. I have been over to Oxford to collate theirs,<sup>1</sup> and send you the results in my own form. It looks rather appalling at first, but it is so much the most convenient way of collating books—as you can see directly *where* the defect is in your copy, whereas when only the number of leaves is given, there is no clue. Ebert and Brunet blindly follow Van Praet's collation, misprints and all, 318 for 368 &c. Further, in the case of anonymous printers, the method of *quiring* often gives a clue. Just notice how extremely regular Mentelin's ed<sup>n</sup> is, and how very irregular the dateless edition is.

I must come and collate yours next week. I take the broadside sheet as it comes from the mill, as my

<sup>1</sup> Proctor 253 and 254. The collation has not been preserved.

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standard or unit, and where the size of the page is that of half a sheet  $\frac{1}{2}$ , we call it folio and I use the denominator 2;<sup>1</sup> where one fourth, *i.e.* quarto I use 4, and so on, so that  $\frac{10}{2}$  means that the quire consists of 10 leaves or 5 sheets folded in folio,  $\frac{8}{4}$  would mean that the quire or signature contained 8 leaves (or two sheets) *folded in quarto*, and so on, and it is always possible to see where the centre of a quire is by the sewing.

I only put a semicolon or some such mark, where there is a break in the volume, and the next quire begins a fresh book or some subdivision of the work, as I have frequently found the advantage of this.

I have just found two pieces of the German *Bocaccio De claris mulieribus*, Ulmae Jo. Zainer<sup>2</sup> 1473 (folio) *on vellum*. Have you any copy of the book at all? I shall be up next week.

Yours ever very much

HENRY BRADSHAW.

King's College, Cambridge,  
30th July, 1863.

DEAR MR. JONES,

Do you remember the fragments of an indulgence<sup>3</sup> printed on vellum by Caxton which were found by Mr. Blades at St. Alban's, and which

<sup>1</sup> These 'denominators' Bradshaw afterwards omitted, being content to describe the whole volume under consideration as f°, 4°, 8°, etc. [F. J.]

<sup>2</sup> Proctor 2496; two copies in British Museum.

<sup>3</sup> The fate of this indulgence (Proctor 9642) is one of the Three Sorrows of the British Museum Bindery. See Blades ('The Biography and Typography of William Caxton'), No. 43.

your binder so cruelly murdered by putting them into boiling water?

I was detained at Bedford the other day on my way from Ireland, and accordingly went to the Library to see their copy of the Royal Book printed by Caxton and described by Mr. Blades.

You may believe that I was well pleased at finding that it was still in its original wooden binding, and that the binder had used for a loose fly leaf *two* copies of an Indulgence for the Siege of Rhodes in Caxton's type (that used in the Chronicles) and printed on vellum.<sup>1</sup> I thought I had not seen any description of it—and so I copied it entire—and on coming home I find that it is the same Indulgence as that found at St. Alban's but a different impression, the one reprinted from the other as soon as the stock was consumed—but only about half is preserved in the St. Alban's fragments. One copy has lost three lines at the top, and the other ten or twelve letters down the righthand side, so that with the exception of the concluding letters of the first two lines you have the whole document.

It is singular that I sh<sup>d</sup> be allowed to discover them, seeing that Mr. Blades had the book in his hand, and they are in no way concealed.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These are the copies sold at Sotheby's in 1902 for £265 and £145 respectively (Slater, vol. xvi., Nos. 3060 and 3061).

<sup>2</sup> In his later book on Caxton (*op. cit.*), Blades describes these under No. 44, and notes: 'A slip of parchment containing four lines of the same Indulgence was discovered by Mr. Bradshaw in the library of King's College, Cambridge.' Bradshaw returned to the subject of these Indulgences in a later letter to Mr. Bullen (20th October, 1878), which will be printed in the next number of 'The Library.'

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The document occupies 24 lines.

As I told you before, I am bound to report to head-quarters anything I find.

Yours very much

HENRY BRADSHAW.

University Library, Cambridge,  
3rd November, 1863.

DEAR MR. JONES,

You know what the early Primers or Horae call an *Image of Pity*,<sup>1</sup> and you may remember that in the unique copy of the *Directorium Sacerdotum* by Caxton, now Case 10. b. 16 in the Museum and formerly stolen from this library, that there is a single leaf prefixed, containing one of these things in folio size, and with the Indulgence below. In the Maskell fragments of Horae (in Case 35 a) in the same type as the *Directorium* is another *Image of Pity* of the size of an octavo page of the period.

You will therefore be amused and interested to hear that I have just found another<sup>2</sup> in *quarto* size in this library, but done in a most singular way. It is not in printing ink, and not on a separate leaf, but struck off upside down on the blank page at the end of an Antwerp ed<sup>n</sup> of the *Colloquium peccatoris* printed in Goes's type of about 1487. The ink is a pale brown and very thin and sloppy, and it

<sup>1</sup> For Bradshaw's final working out of the subject of this letter see No. VI. of his 'Collected Papers' (1889).

<sup>2</sup> Sayle, No. 38.

1

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looks as if it was a rough proof of one of those little sheets of Indulgence, done here before the ordinary copies were struck off. In the centre is a half-length figure of our Lord with his hands crossed—behind him the cross, and on either side the spear and the sponge, and the top and side borders are formed of little squares containing seventeen symbols or instruments of the passion—the lower left hand corner being occupied with a kneeling tonsured figure with a scroll. The *sill* contains 8 lines of letter-press in Caxton type used in the Royal Book, Directorium &c. as follows:

To them that before  
this ymage of pyte de  
uoutely say .v. Pf ñr  
v. Auyes & a Credo py-  
teuously beholdyng these  
armes of xps passio ar  
graüted xxxij. M. vij. C  
& lv. yeres of pardon ∴ ∴

The Indulgence is what you find in so many English Horae. I had seen this thing a long time ago, but omitted to take the mark of the book—and at that time I didn't know so much about Caxtons as I do now. It was only yesterday that it turned up again. You shall have a tracing of it as soon as I can get it done. I was sorry not to see you when last at the Museum, though glad to think you were taking a holiday.

Yours very much  
HENRY BRADSHAW.

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University Library, Cambridge,  
14th November, 1863.

DEAR MR. JONES,

Can you let one of your assistants send me one line to say whether you have a copy of Richard Sampson's *Oratio* (Lond. Berthelet 1546) printed on *vellum* in the British Museum Library? <sup>1</sup>

Yours very much

HENRY BRADSHAW.

University Library, Cambridge,  
22nd September, 1864.

DEAR MR. JONES,

Can you tell me the *story* of your copy of the Cambridge verses on <sup>2</sup> Edward King which contain the first issue of Milton's *Lycidas*? I mean the copy containing the corrections by Milton w<sup>h</sup> Mr. Sotheby has given in his *Milton Rambles*.

Mr. Henry Stevens has just found another in this Library. He brought me yesterday a volume of pamphlets containing this, and said he thought the corrections must be by Milton himself, and on look-

<sup>1</sup> There is no such copy at the British Museum. In his 'English Printing on Vellum' (Bibliographical Society of Lancashire, Publications, No. 1, 1902), Mr. Duff writes: 'Another book relating to the King issued about this time [the last date mentioned being 1534] is an oration by Bishop Sampson. Like the last [Henry VIII.'s 'Opus eximium de vera differentia regiae potestatis et ecclesiasticae'] it also was printed by Berthelet. A copy on vellum was in the Bindley sale, but I am ignorant of its present whereabouts. Beriah Botfield quotes it as at Cambridge, but this is, I think, like so many of his statements, a mistake.'

<sup>2</sup> The copy referred to (C. 21. c. 42) contains the English verses only. It bears no evidence of its provenance, but is clearly a made-up copy, the last four leaves (which include 'Lycidas') have been taken from a smaller and much worn copy.

ing at Sotheby's book to-day, I find the writing is identical with that in your copy—only there are one or two other corrections, and where the whole line is added, ours has not been cut off by the binder as yours has—

Ever yours very much

HENRY BRADSHAW.

Paris, 22nd January, 1865.

DEAR MR. JONES,

I reached this at eight o'clock on Saturday morning. And after making myself comfortable I went straight to the Imperial Library. To my dismay I found that M. Richard was ill, and had not been at the Library for three months. Unfortunately my power of talking a foreign language is easy enough, if I find anyone interested in what I am doing—but to an official merely, I never can find a single word to say—and hardly am able even to say what is absolutely necessary. I started by asking for the Boccace<sup>1</sup> printed by Mansion. The *Conservateur* to whom I addressed myself asked whether I wished to see the copy on vellum or on paper!! Had I as yet mentioned Van Praet's *Notice sur Colard Mansion*, I should have looked upon it as a very pardonable confusion between Van Praet's *Notice* of Mansion's books, and his *List* of books printed on vellum. As it was, I could hardly keep my countenance, but said as gravely as I could that I was not aware that Colard Mansion had printed any books on vellum, and that the paper copy would answer all my purposes. It is all very well for Van Praet to call it

<sup>1</sup> Proctor 9316.



"magnifique exemplaire en grand papier" but the Glasgow copy<sup>1</sup> is much finer—though the Paris copy is doubly interesting from having been there since the time of Louis XII. There are said to be two *tirages* of the Boccace—this differs from the Glasgow copy *only in Leaf 1*—so I shall have to go to Bruges for the other points of difference which undoubtedly exist.

With nearly six hours' work on Saturday and the same to-day, I have only just been able to work off the *Boccace* and the *Ovide*.<sup>2</sup> The *Ovide* is extremely difficult to collate (as I found to my cost at the British Museum)—but I am thankful to say that I mastered it completely at five minutes to four this afternoon. The same thing occurs here that occurs in Caxton's Golden Legend. The *Ovide* consists

A of Preliminary matter, *five* quires.

B Part I. Further prologues and Books 1-8, *twenty-two* quires.

C Part 2 Books 9-15, *twenty-two* quires.

The last *thirteen* quires of Part I and the last *twelve* quires of Part 2 seem to have been destroyed, and in what I call *the second edition* are found reprinted page for page, with signatures a b c d e f g h i k l m n for the *thirteen* quires of Part 1, and signatures A B C D E F G H I K L M for the *twelve* quires of Part 2. Fortunately for me, the Imperial Library has copies of both these editions. The copy at the Hague is the original issue, yours is the second issue. The original issue has Mansion's device and is dated May 1484. In October 1484 Mansion had dis-

<sup>1</sup> In the Hunterian Museum.

<sup>2</sup> Proctor 9324.

appeared from Bruges, and Jean Gossevin<sup>1</sup> (if I remember rightly) was installed in his house and had to pay his back-rent. Seeing that the later issue is without Mansion's device, it strikes me as quite possible that these reprinted quires may have been worked off by his successor who retained the old imprint, though he would not put the device. Also further most interesting points suggest themselves wh<sup>h</sup> I must wait a little longer to verify. In the imprints of the two issues there are *nine* variations; Van Praet in copying the imprint has followed ed. 2 in the 1<sup>st</sup>, 4<sup>th</sup>, 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> and ed. 1 in the 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>, 5<sup>th</sup>, 6<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> as you will see if you take the trouble to compare his *Notice* p. 41 with what I have copied on the other side of this half sheet of paper. His facsimile at the end is clearly taken from the Paris copy (Y. 1185) of what I have called the second issue. It is very difficult, but very necessary, to be tolerably accurate.

I hope to have a tolerable day to-morrow, and get through several more of the small books—but the prospect is not very encouraging.

Yours very sincerely

HENRY BRADSHAW.

Imprint in ed. 1:

Fait et imprime en la no  
ble ville de Bruges en flan  
dres par Colart Mansion  
citoyen de jcelle ou Mois de  
May lan de grace . M . qua-  
trecens . iiij . xx . et iiij .  
(1 blank line.)

Mansion's device 3 lines.

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<sup>1</sup> Gossin.

Imprint in ed. 2:

Fait & jprime en la no  
ble ville de Bruges en flan  
dres par Colart mansion  
citoien de j celle ou mois de  
May lan de grace mil qua-  
tre cens iiij . xx . iiij.

Queen's Hotel, Glasgow,  
2nd January, 1866.

DEAR MR. JONES,

If you congratulated me the other day on identifying the fragments sent me by Mr. Stevens as a hitherto unknown Colard Mansion called *Lestrijf de Fortune et de Vertu*, what will you say when I tell you that the *first result* of an hour's examination of the Hunterian Museum this aft<sup>n</sup> was to find a complete copy of the very book in question!

It is in a common old vellum binding, with the mark 10-10- in the beginning, and a long note in Dr. Askew's hand-writing, supposing it to be one of the earliest productions of the press between 1450 and 1460.

After travelling all night, and going about to one or two places with a young friend of mine who travelled with me as far as this place, I did not feel much inclined for a long spell of work in the Library, even if I could have had it; so it was tolerably refreshing to make such a discovery at starting.

The Catalogue is, as Mr. Blades told me, simply a list of the books as they stand on the shelves, the kind of catalogue which I always relish most; but—as in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge—there

is not an atom of classification, and the Caxtons and Mansions stand scattered about in the most delightfully absurd positions. I dare say I shall have more to tell you before I have done with the place, but I could not resist giving you my first results, especially as I was talking to you about the very book only so very lately.

Yours very sincerely

HENRY BRADSHAW.

Queen's Hotel, Glasgow,  
6th January, 1866.

DEAR MR. JONES,

My suspicions, formed before I left Cambridge, are verified, and I now find that the *Lestrijf de Fortune et Vertu* is one and the same with the *édition Lyonnaise* of the bibliographical books. Brunet has corrected his mistake in his last edition, which I had not by me when I was working at the matter at home. I saw he described the book as 24 lines on a page, and printed about 1478—and it at once struck me as very strange that a book written for a Duke at Burgundy living at Bruges should be first printed at Lyons, and then reprinted line for line at Bruges. I made a memorandum at the time, in my book: "Can it be *possible* that Brunet confused the Bruges and Lyons types?" I now see that he did, and makes his excuses for so doing in his new edition. I have long lost all faith in ordinary bibliographical works, but I confess I was not prepared for such ignorance in the patriarch of French bibliography.

I wish you could persuade some of your French friends to take up the subject from a *Natural History*

point of view. It is the only possible way of getting really accurate information. It is a great luxury to be able to work here with freedom. After studying here for a week or ten days, I shall be able to profit much more at Paris than I should otherwise.

I will give you an accurate collation of Colard Mansion's *Boccace* when I come. The copy here is absolutely perfect. I am afraid Mr. Blades's theories about the close connexion between Mansion and Caxton will hardly stand. Except the curious plan of printing in red, and the family likeness in the types, all similarity vanishes on a close *natural* examination. As for the theory that Mansion printed the two books<sup>1</sup> which you discovered in the Museum, I cannot see that there will be any ground left. But I must not make too hasty an induction. Do not trouble yourself to answer this. I hope to see you on my way through.

Yours  
HENRY BRADSHAW.

Queen's Hotel, Glasgow,  
8th January, 1866.

DEAR MR. JONES,

At the risk of bothering you I must write again—though I find my Saturday's letter was only sent to-day. However what I send are merely notes which you may put by for reference at any time.

<sup>1</sup> The *Meditations sur les Sept Pseaulmes Penitenciaulx* and '*Les Quatre Derrenieres Choses*,' which Mr. Jones found in the British Museum in 1841, bound together, and wrote about in '*Archaeologia*,' vol. xxxi., page 412. The two books are still assigned to Mansion.

I have found to-day two books which I have been wanting to see for some years—a *collateable* copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> ed<sup>n</sup> of Caxton's Golden Legend; and a similar copy of the Catullus Tibullus Propertius and Statius printed (at Venice by Vind' de Spira) in 1472. You will remember, perhaps, my pointing out some time ago what I mean by the 2<sup>nd</sup> ed<sup>n</sup> of the Golden Legend. Caxton's compilation was finished 20<sup>th</sup> Nov. 1483, and the book was no doubt published in 1484—It has all the distinguishing marks of the books of that year—except the woodcut initials—from w<sup>h</sup> I should infer that he *began* to print it before the introduction of such things, and then did not care to insert them later on in the book. The type is what Blades calls 4<sup>x</sup>, and the headings and running titles are in type 3 (that which appears first in the Boethius). I can only conjecture that a number of sheets of the stock must have been accidentally destroyed, and that these were reprinted some years later at a time when type N<sup>o</sup> 5 (that of the *Speculum vitae xpi*) had superseded N<sup>o</sup> 3 and accordingly a complete copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> ed<sup>n</sup> contains sig. a-t, and A-E, of the first edition, and (1) the preliminary quire, (2) sig. u-9, (3) sig. F-X, (4) sig. aa-kk, of the 2nd edition. In fact the whole stock seems to have been destroyed except the first nineteen quires of the *first* alphabet, and the first five quires of the second alphabet. Until to-day I have never been able to trace the existence of either the *final* or the *preliminary* quire in the 2<sup>nd</sup> ed<sup>n</sup>, and it was most unsatisfactory not to know whether they existed or not—for it was impossible to infer anything—and in D<sup>r</sup> Hunter's copy I have found both.

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Blades says 'As no perfect copy of ed. 2 is known the preface and colophon cannot be given.'

Your copy<sup>1</sup> is a most uncomfortable one, being made up, to start with, of two separate copies, and each, even of these parts, being patched and doctored in the most merciless way. This will do for the present.

As for the other book,<sup>2</sup> it is a crux which has caused me some trouble; and it must be to persons who will not collate books by the quires even when the signatures are not printed.

The book really consists of three volumes in one. Here is the collation:

1. *Catullus*:

A B C  $\frac{3}{4}$  D E  $\frac{3}{4}$ ; 36 leaves, 1-36.

2. *Tibullus and Propertius*:

a b c d  $\frac{3}{4}$ ; 32 leaves, 37-68.

e f g h (1 cancelled) i k  $\frac{3}{4}$  l m  $\frac{3}{4}$ ; 59 leaves, 69-127.

3. *Statius*:

aa  $\frac{10}{4}$  bb cc dd ee ff  $\frac{3}{4}$  gg hh  $\frac{3}{4}$ ; 62 leaves, 128-189.

The Tibullus and Propertius form the basis of the volume, which would be strictly described thus:

Tibulli et Propertii Carmina. *Praeced.* Catulli Carmina; *Acc.* Statii Silvae. s.l., s.t.n. (Venetiis, Vind' de Spira,) 1472. In 4<sup>o</sup> maj.

You know it is not the *ed. pr.* of Tibullus and

<sup>1</sup> See Proctor 9655 and 9668.

<sup>2</sup> Proctor 4043; Hain\* 4758.



Propertius, of which the small 4° ed<sup>no</sup> (wh. Lord Spencer has) are believed to be earlier—but the Catullus is added at the beginning and the Statius at the end, for the first time.

Each of these three *volumes* (as described above) begins with a blank page. The centre one has the life of *Propertius* only at the beginning, and the two Elegiac couplets (wanting one line) at the end concerning Tibullus and Propertius.

A simple description of the entire volume is this:—

1. Leaf 1<sup>a</sup> blank; 1<sup>b</sup> Life of Catullus; 2<sup>a</sup> Hexastichum Guarini Veronensis; 2<sup>a</sup>-35<sup>a</sup> Text of Catullus; 35<sup>b</sup>-36<sup>b</sup> blank.

2. Leaf 37<sup>a</sup> blank; 37<sup>b</sup> Life of Propertius; 38<sup>a</sup>-66<sup>b</sup> Text of Tibullus; 66<sup>b</sup> Life and Epitaph of Tibullus; 66<sup>b</sup>-67<sup>b</sup> Ovid's Epistle on the death of Tibullus; 68 blank. Leaf 69<sup>a</sup>-127<sup>b</sup> Text of Propertius; 127<sup>b</sup> the verses (*carmina quis potuit . . .*) on Tibullus and Propertius.

3. Leaf 128 blank; 129<sup>a</sup>-187<sup>b</sup> Text of Statius; 187<sup>b</sup> *Tabula librorum* and date; 188 and 189 blank.

In Dibdin, Hain, Brunet, and all the bibliographical books I have seen, leaf 37 which contains the Life of Propertius is removed to before leaf 69, because I suppose it was thought to be its right place; in Dr Hunter's copy, as well as in the two copies at Cambridge, it is in its right place, that is where it was printed; and I have no doubt my explanation is the right one. They did not think it worth while to remove the life of Tibullus from the end to the beginning of the volume, and the result is that the Life of Propertius has the appearance of being out of place. Dr Hunter's copy is in old French red

292 LETTERS OF HENRY BRADSHAW.

morocco by de Rome, as lovely a book as you could possibly wish to see or handle.

I suppose you have a copy in the Cracherode Collection?

Yours very sincerely

HENRY BRADSHAW.

*(To be completed in our next number.)*

## HENSLOWE, COLLIER, AND THE LATEST GERMAN CRITICISM.



UNTIL recently German criticism in the field of Elizabethan literature has been content to find its materials in the labours of English scholars so far as original documents are concerned. No doubt these materials have not in all cases been as trustworthy as even an indulgent critic could have wished, and those who relied on them have been now and again misled into serious error. The first attempt, however, on the part of a German writer to inquire into the foundations of our historical knowledge of the English stage can hardly be regarded as happily inspired. Dr. Theodor Eichhoff<sup>1</sup> frankly tells us that we have got to wipe out from our memories everything we have so far learnt on the subject, to banish for ever into limbo all the work that has so far been done, and taking him for philosopher and guide, commence the painful and toilsome task of construction once again from the beginning. It is not my present purpose to follow Dr. Eichhoff through the length and breadth of his destructive argument nor to discuss the merits of the 'Versuch einer neueren Grundlegung,' which he offers at the close of his volume

<sup>1</sup> 'Der Weg zu Shakespeare.' Halle, Niemeyer, 1902. Kapitel I. Der Fälscher Collier.

to such faithful followers as shall have attended him so far. This latter is indeed an essay in philosophy rather than in criticism. Starting from the basis of an individualistic idealism, the author proceeds to evolve the conception 'Shakespeare' from his own inner consciousness. With regard to this it will be sufficient to remark that though the result may be the *vraie vérité*—for him—it does not follow that it need have much interest for anybody else. I shall therefore confine my remarks to Dr. Eichhoff's treatment of a single well-known and important document, Henslowe's so-called Diary (*i.e.*, the notebook in which he kept the accounts of his theatrical undertakings), and of the circumstances which have led to an unfortunately intimate association of that document with the name of J. P. Collier.

Upon the author's contentions of the dependence of modern criticism upon Collier's labours, and of the inherent worthlessness of Henslowe's Diary as historical evidence, I need not dwell at length. Suffice it to say with regard to the first that, however exaggerated, it rests upon a basis of truth, and that the insistence upon this truth may be not untimely. The work of revision, however, is not a superhuman one, and I for my part do not despair of seeing it carried through by a scholar who has already shown himself eminently fitted for the task. As to the second, most of those who are interested in the history of the drama are perfectly familiar with the contents of Henslowe's volume, and have long ago formed their own opinion as to the historical value of the evidence to be extracted from it. They are not likely to care much what either

Dr. Eichhoff or I may have to say upon the subject.

I come therefore to the point in Dr. Eichhoff's work which is likely to have most interest for students of English literature, the alleged discovery of a number of hitherto unsuspected forgeries in Henslowe's Diary. Against the occurrence of such unfortunate interpolations in any document known to have passed through Collier's hands students have of course long been on their guard. The able examination of Henslowe's Diary in Dr. G. F. Warner's Catalogue of the Dulwich manuscripts, as well as the same critic's authoritative summing up of the whole question in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' are familiar to all those interested in the subject. Dr. Eichhoff, however, claims to advance our knowledge of Collier's misdeeds in a truly sensational manner. Those familiar with the Diary will remember that in the receipt accounts a number of pieces are marked with the mysterious letters *ne*, which Collier interpreted as standing for the word *new*. It is these *ne*'s that Dr. Eichhoff maintains to be among Collier's forgeries, and he expends much sarcasm on those who have accepted the identification of *ne* as *new*, and attached weight to these supposed entries of 'first nights.' Into the precise meaning and importance to be attached to the *ne*'s I do not propose to enter in this place, for the reason that I have not yet myself come to a satisfactory conclusion on the subject; what I am here concerned with is the question of their genuineness, which is quite another story.

I have had occasion of late to bestow some attention upon the manuscript in question, and I am in

a position to assert that there are in that manuscript certain forged entries which have not hitherto been recognized as such.<sup>1</sup> These Dr. Eichhoff might have had the credit of detecting had he been content to subject the manuscript to a minute and rigorous examination from the palæographic point of view, instead of allowing himself to be misled by the *ignis fatuus* of a *priori* conjecture. Not one of these has roused his suspicion, and in seeking to condemn others he has begun at the wrong end. In asserting any particular entry to be a modern fabrication it is doubtless well to be able to point to the motive that led the forger to make it; but this is at most collateral evidence supporting that obtained from a minute and expert examination of the actual entry itself. No amount of argument as to the unlikelihood of an entry being genuine, or as to the obvious temptations and opportunities of a forger to perpetrate a particular fabrication, can be allowed to invalidate an entry unless it can on internal and technical grounds be shown to be spurious; no amount of argument as to the unlikelihood of fraudulent manipulation can serve to rehabilitate a manifest forgery. The question is one for those who have the most intimate acquaintance with the document in question coupled with the soundest expert knowledge in palæography as a whole. To the latter of these qualifications my pretensions are small, but I think that after some eighteen months of work at the Diary I could make out a claim to the former, and since Dr. Eichhoff

<sup>1</sup> For all details I must refer the curious to my edition of Henslowe's Diary to be published shortly by Mr. A. H. Bullen.

rests his case almost exclusively on *a priori* arguments, I may as well begin with an emphatic *a posteriori* statement. I believe, namely, that no competent person can, after due investigation, for one moment doubt the genuineness of the *ne's* in Henslowe's Diary, however great may be the presumptive evidence against them. To state all the minute points upon which this conviction rests would require an article by itself, and then only a comparatively small proportion could find definite expression. But one point is so obvious, and at the same time so cogent, that I am tempted to dwell upon it here. I should premise that the receipt accounts in which the *ne's* occur consist of daily entries of one line each, made at the time with any ink that happened to be handy—and Henslowe must have kept a most remarkable assortment. The result is that hardly any two consecutive entries are of exactly the same colour; they range from jet black to bright yellow. Now the point with which the forger had the greatest difficulty was to get his ink remotely to resemble that of the genuine entries. Though in a few cases he was more successful—whence the fact of some of his fabrications having been hitherto overlooked—he used as a rule a dirty gray ink which can be detected at a glance. And yet we are asked to believe that he was responsible for the *ne's* which in every case agree to the minutest shade with the ink used in the rest of the entry.

But I am not concerned merely to maintain that Dr. Eichhoff is mistaken. Although I hope incidentally to prove in a particularly unanswerable



manner that the *ne*'s were not inserted in the Diary by Collier, I wish further to maintain that the arguments upon which Dr. Eichhoff bases his contention are in themselves unworthy of serious consideration, and that he has consequently proved himself at the outset an untrustworthy guide in his self-imposed mission of reforming the basis of our dramatic history.

The first argument advanced for regarding the *ne*'s as forgeries is that Malone, in printing his extracts from the Diary in 1790, makes no mention of them. 'Malone soll, als er seine Auszüge machte, diese auffälligen *ne* nicht gesehen haben?! . . . Diese *ne* sind sehr gross und sehr deutlich!! Malone machte Auszüge, er war vor allem für die Titel der Stücke interessiert—und er sollte sich nicht diese deutlich hervorgehobenen Stücke näher angesehen haben?!' One may perhaps be forgiven for suspecting that a writer who has need of such punctuation as this to express his feelings must be rather at a loss for arguments of intrinsic cogency. Malone was merely making extracts, or rather giving a *résumé* of the contents of the Diary, which in no way purported to be complete; he was not concerned to reprint the entries as they stood. What more natural than that he should pass over in silence certain signs the meaning of which was at best conjectural?

In the second place Dr. Eichhoff argues that whereas Henslowe can have had no inducement to mark first performances, Collier's alleged forgery would, if genuine, have lent great importance to the document in which they are found. Now, I am prepared to maintain, on the contrary, that

Collier can have had no motive whatever to perpetrate this particular forgery, while for Henslowe the entry of these signs would have a real business significance. What evidence, indeed, not otherwise deducible from the entries themselves, could Collier expect to attain by the discovery of a sign or symbol, the precise meaning of which must necessarily remain more or less a matter of speculation? The fact of a particular entry being the first occurrence of a title in the accounts, if coupled with the considerably larger receipts due to the higher prices charged for a first performance, supplies us with all the evidence that can be legitimately deduced from the piece being marked by Henslowe as a new play. This Collier, who was no fool, must have clearly perceived, and he would therefore have been most unlikely to incur the additional risk of detection attending each fresh fabrication. On the other hand, in spite of Dr. Eichhoff's authoritative assurance that no one can possibly discover any motive for Henslowe's marking first performances, I venture to think that two obvious ones should at once suggest themselves. In the first place Henslowe would want to know how the receipts from the various plays were running as a measure of their popularity. He would, consequently, for convenience of reference, need some indication of the point in the accounts at which each new piece began its career. The second motive is suggested by the occurrence at irregular intervals of another incidental note, of which Dr. Eichhoff makes no mention, namely, the contraction *m<sup>r</sup> pd*, signifying payments made to the Master of the Revels. Each new piece had

to pay toll to that functionary, and the number of *ne*'s occurring between any two dates would represent the number of payments, of seven shillings each, due to the Master for that period.

Little weight, it appears to me, can be attached to the objection that Collier has now and again overlooked a *ne*. To say that Collier cannot have missed them accidentally, is to make a dogmatic assertion utterly at variance with the capabilities of the imperfect human machine. Had Dr. Eichhoff had the chastening experience of copying out the whole of Henslowe's accounts with his own hand, he might have known more of the strange vagaries of which the weary mind and eye are at times capable. The fact of his reproducing the entry '*ne—R̄ at barnardo & phvlameta—xxxxij<sup>s</sup>*' in the form '*ne R<sup>d</sup> at Barnardo and pheameta 42 s*' does not suggest that he is himself endowed with any extraordinary powers of accuracy. Nor do we find evidence of any such powers where he treats of minute points of palæographic observation. In more than one instance indeed his statements amount to an absolute misrepresentation of the facts. Thus he informs us that the *ne* in the entry of January 27th, 1597, '*macht übrigens auch hier für den Laien die Fälschung äusserlich ganz klar.*' The stroke, he says, connecting the *ne* with the *R* is carefully drawn up to the ruled column, is there broken off and continued again on the other side of the broad line, not drawn through. Surely without crediting lay readers with any very profound insight, one may expect them to see through such nonsense as this. Of course the vertical columns

were ruled first, before the entries were made, and consequently any strokes of those entries must go over the ruling. No forger, who was not a born idiot—which can assuredly not be imputed to Collier—would make it appear as though the stroke of a forged entry went under the ruling. But besides this the patent facts of the case have been mis-stated. The letter after the vertical ruling is not in this case an *R* at all, but a *tt* (probably standing for 'Total'), and the cross stroke has of course been made after the two down strokes, so that in no case could it be continuous with the tail of the *ne*. Moreover both tail and cross stroke can be plainly seen to go over the ruling, though the ink has not marked so darkly where the pores of the paper were filled up with the previous inking.

The same misrepresentation, which charity and courtesy bid one ascribe to mere incompetence, characterizes Dr. Eichhoff's remarks on the subject of an interesting lacuna occurring on folio 12. A small rectangular piece has been cut out of the centre of this leaf, which bears on the recto a bond of John Griggs', and on the verso some receipt accounts of Henslowe's. Collier merely noted that the seal to the bond had been cut away, and considering that Griggs, in the course of the bond, states that he has set there to his 'hand and seale,' and that a small drop of old wax is still found adhering to the paper just to the right of the hole, the explanation is, on the face of it, plausible enough. Dr. Eichhoff will have none of it. Collier must have made an unsuccessful attempt at a forged *ne* on the verso, and have cut out the piece to save

himself. 'Of a seal there can be no question in this place, indeed none occurs in the volume.<sup>1</sup> On the contrary, the excision has only removed the greater portion of Griggs' name, of which the two first letters alone now appear.' This, I beg to say flatly, is not the case. The bond is not signed, as Dr. Eichhoff asserts, by various Griggs. It is signed by John Griggs, and by him alone, the repetitions of the signature being attempts on Henslowe's part to imitate his creditor's hand. Griggs' signature is intact; it is the lower of these copies by Henslowe that has the appearance of being mutilated. More than this. We find Dr. Eichhoff walking straight into the trap which the careless neglect of available evidence ever prepares for the weaver of ingenious conjecture. It so happens, namely, that the cutting out of the seal can be proved to have been anterior to the entry of the accounts on the verso, and these in their turn anterior to Henslowe's copies of Griggs' signature. The hole can be proved to have been there very nearly two centuries and a half before the time at which Collier is alleged to have attempted a forgery upon the missing portion! The date of the bond is 1592, that of the receipt accounts 1595. The three outer edges of the hole are cut sharp with a knife, the inner edge alone being torn and ragged. Now a glance at the verso will show that Collier was wrong in supposing that the 'date of the year' has been cut away from three successive entries along with the seal. Had the '1595' been written similarly as in the other entries, the first

<sup>1</sup> True; but neither does the phrase 'hand and seal' occur, so far as I remember, in any of the other bonds.

figure at least must have still been visible. Further, some of the strokes in the entries near the hole have passed the edge and have left marks at corresponding points on folio 11 verso. On the other hand, the tearing of the inner edge has damaged all three R's. It follows that when the entries were made in 1595 the three sharp edges had already been cut, while the inner edge was yet intact. Again, in Henslowe's lower copy of Griggs' signature the top loop of the *J* has passed this ragged edge (intact in 1595), and may be distinctly traced on folio 13. So much for the elaboration of *a priori* reasoning whereby it is sought to saddle the unfortunate Collier with a fresh load of forgeries.

I hope I have said enough to show the absolute worthlessness of Dr. Eichhoff's arguments. There is no ground whatever for questioning the genuineness of the entries he attacks, but by a happy chance we actually possess positive evidence touching the point. Dr. Eichhoff, by basing his contentions upon mere conjecture, placed himself at the mercy of the first new fact that might turn up, and it happens that in the present instance the fates have played him a particularly unpleasant trick. The authorities of Dulwich College, namely, have recently acquired the transcript of portions of Henslowe's Diary which Malone had made for him towards the end of the eighteenth century. In this volume not only do the *ne*'s appear, but Malone has appended in his own hand his conjecture as to their significance: 'By NE, I believe, is meant *New Enterlude*. M.' Upon the importance of this evidence it is needless to enlarge, but I may draw

attention to an interesting point which the transcript brings to light in connection with Collier's interpretation of the mysterious *ne*'s. In support of his theory that they represented new productions, he adduced an entry in which, after the title of the piece, was interlined the note '1 day.' This of course is at once set down by Dr. Eichhoff as a shameless forgery. Any competent observer can satisfy himself at a glance of the genuineness of the entry, and Malone's transcript is there to place the matter beyond doubt. In the transcript, however, the interlineation reads not '1 day' but '10 day,' and if the original be carefully examined the traces of an erased 'o' can yet be discerned. Collier, in order to bear out his theory, did not forge this note into the manuscript, but gave the desired meaning to an authentic entry by a skilful use of the knife.<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Eichhoff exhausts his vocabulary to express his scorn and virtuous indignation at Collier. To defend Collier is impossible. But in point of knowledge of his subject and general competence in the handling of historical evidence his German critic will do well not to seek comparison with the object of his diatribe.

W. W. GREG.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Eichhoff represents Collier as saying that the note '1 day' is underlined (*unterstrichen*), a statement he characterizes as 'eine gemeine Lüge.' Collier never said that it was *underlined*, which it is not, but that it was *interlined*, which it is. A reviewer who was inclined to be severe would have little difficulty in turning many of the author's most unmeasured terms against himself.



## SOME RECENT FOREIGN NOVELS AND PLAYS.



HAVE been asked to deal in this number with recent French and German fiction and drama.

The output of novels in both countries is large, but although the average quality of the work is high, it falls far short, with a few, a very few, exceptions, of excellence. The custom of *feuilletons* in the daily papers increases the vogue of the short story whereby art and literature are the losers since the short story writer is born and not made. And many novels are still pamphlets in very thin disguise.

### I

In France, within a brief period, such well-known authors as Bourget, J.-H. Rosny, Loti, Daniel Lesueur, Myriam Harry, P. et V. Margueritte, René Bazin, Anatole France, Ohnet, and Marcelle Tinayre have all published volumes, but with the possible exception of Myriam Harry and Mme. Tinayre, it would be difficult to affirm that any one of them has added to the reputation already possessed.

Bourget's volume of stories, 'L'Eau Profonde,' is called after the longest and most important of

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them. 'Still Waters' is a 'tragédie de salon' in his usual manner, one of those 'complications sentimentales' so dear to his heart. Valentine, the much-tried heroine, is 'une âme silencieuse,' a temperament seldom understood by the average human being. Her most ardent desire is to preserve all whom she loves from trouble and worry, and to prevent her husband learning the secret of his birth which has come to her knowledge, she is ready to sacrifice herself and her reputation. But the novelist finds a way out for both husband and wife. The rest of the volume contains six moral tragedies that might well be described generically as 'on revient toujours à ses premières amours.' One of them 'Fausse Manœuvre' has the same motive as Henry James's 'The Two Faces,' but is less subtle in workmanship. There is a certain glamour about Bourget's style, and his psychological insight always arrests attention. But we sometimes find ourselves wishing that he would put living men and women before us instead of mere nervous organisms.

Mme. Tinayre in 'La Vie Amoureuse de François Barbazanges' has not produced so great a book in the popular sense as her 'Maison du Pêché.' But in the artistic and romantic sense it is far greater. A young man, a boy, for he is only twenty when he dies, follows the quest of his ideal mistress, and finds her, only to die. The scene is laid in the Limousin in the seventeenth century, and thus an air of romance, admirably sustained, pervades the whole. The artistic beauty of the book is, however, somewhat marred by the introduction of certain erotic passages that are perfectly unneces-

sary, and seem only there to show the French reading public that 'I, a woman, can do that sort of thing as well as any of my brother novelists.'

'Vers Ispahan,' by Pierre Loti, is a volume of descriptive travel rather than a novel. There is no human interest in it whatever. As Loti could naturally never get a sight of a Persian woman, much less an interview of the briefest description with one, humanity in Persia ceased to interest him. The charm of the book, for it has the very greatest charm, resides, then, chiefly in the journeys often made by night along the caravan routes from Bender-Bouchir on the Persian Gulf to the high table-lands on which Ispahan and its rose gardens are situated. 'Qui veut venir avec moi voir à Ispahan la saison des roses, prenne son parti, de cheminer lentement à mes côtés, par étapes, ainsi qu'au moyen âge.' And gladly do we accompany him 'à de longues marches, au brûlant soleil dans le vent âpre et froid des altitudes extrêmes, à travers ces plateaux d'Asie, les plus élevés et les plus vastes du monde, qui furent le berceau des humanités, mais sont devenus aujourd'hui des déserts.' Loti has an unique gift of describing places little traversed by Europeans, and when he does it he succeeds in making us long to follow in his footsteps; but would a less gifted mortal see all that he sees? I fear not.

A writer less known to fame, but not the less delightful, Myriam Harry, is doing work in 'exotisme' as the French critic Deschamps calls it, akin to that of Loti. Her latest, and I venture to think, the most notable work she has yet produced,

'La Conquête de Jérusalem: roman moderne,' describes the Holy City under its very unholy modern conditions. Hélie Jamain, the hero, goes to Jerusalem in expectation of finding there the peace of the soul he is unable to acquire in Paris, but a few weeks' sojourn is sufficient to dispel that illusion. The spot which had given birth to a doctrine of charity and peace had become a hotbed of intolerance and dissension. Everywhere the people prayed but everywhere they disputed, and the Turkish soldiers crouching at the doors of the sanctuaries were often compelled to recall the Christians to a sense of respect for their Church. Discouraged, Jamain is drawn towards the ancient Moabite religion; his researches and excavations render him famous, and he begins to write a great book on the 'Resurrection of Paganism.' Finally he is denounced by the Christians of Jerusalem, and having found happiness nowhere, neither in human love nor in divine faith, he takes his own life. A mystic as he was, he expected too much of frail humanity. It is a remarkable book, and one that must appeal to all lovers of literature. The style is simple and clear, but rising occasionally, as in the passage describing the advent of spring in Palestine, to great rhetorical charm and power.

On the 28th of April last, René Bazin was received into the French Academy. He took Legouvé's chair, and pronounced in his 'Discours de Réception' a critical eulogy on his predecessor, to which Ferdinand Brunetière, the director of the Academy, made reply in a speech criticising in detail Bazin's work as novelist. 'Vous vous êtes jeté

dans la province et dans le peuple,' Brunetière exclaimed, and then proceeded to point out how Bazin's novels contain scarcely any intrigues or adventures, the characters develop under the influence of circumstances, familiar incidents occur which give the persons of the story an opportunity of proving their quality, and the reader that of seeing clearly into their hearts. His characters are mostly persons of delicate conscience who do not take life lightly, for whom the great question is to know how one ought to live. He has helped, too, 'à préciser les caractères du "roman social."' Love does not occupy the sole place on Bazin's stage. Other sentiments cause the complications of life, other sufferings are not less worthy of pity. External nature plays a large part in these novels, many of which might be called 'études de plein air.' All these qualities are illustrated in Bazin's latest volume, 'Le guide de l'Empereur.' There are fourteen other stories in it, but the one that furnishes the title is the longest and most important. It is a frontier story like 'Les Oberlé,' Bazin's masterpiece. The scene is Lorraine at the present day, and its pathos lies in the history of a young soldier, a native of Lorraine, whose parents practically deserted him when an infant, and allowed him to be brought up and cared for by an unmarried woman and her father, now an old man, who had fought for France in 1870, only to claim the lad again when he was old enough to serve the Kaiser. In doing his duty during a surprise call of the army at Strassburg one winter's day, he meets his death. The description of the German Emperor is interesting enough to be quoted

in full, and is, I think, more telling and dignified than that contained in Mrs. Atherton's 'Rulers of Kings.'

'Tout à coup, par la porte du milieu, un homme de taille moyenne, un officier, s'est avancé rapidement, énergiquement jusqu'au plus beau des chevaux l'alezan doré. Aidé par un employé de la gare, il monte à cheval; il ramène les plis de son grand manteau gris sur ses cuisses; il jette un coup d'œil par dessus son épaule pour voir si le manteau s'étale bien, en arrière, sur la croupe de l'alezan, et prend alors sa physionomie de parade, son masque de grand chef songeur et sacré, le menton levé, la tête droite entre les deux épaules, les yeux rapprochés par l'effort et comme absorbés par la lecture du livre de la destinée, qui volerait, tout ouvert, devant lui. Les moustaches jeunes, cassées en leur milieu, coudees à angle droit, montent du coin des lèvres qui ne rient pas au coin des paupières qui sont tendues. Il dit vivement mais sans volume de voix, comme ceux qui sont assurés de leur puissance: "Faites sonner l'alarme! J'attendrai les troupes au polygone" . . . Le soleil enveloppe l'Empereur, achève la statue en marche.'

The rest of the volume consists of short sketches, of which the most interesting are 'Le nouveau bail,' and 'Le petit de treize ans.'

Anatole France has published a volume of sketches which make good reading. The first, 'Crainquebille,' has been dramatized, and with M. Guitry in the title part achieved a great success on the stage. Crainquebille is a costermonger who is sent to prison for a fortnight for an alleged insult to a policeman. When he is set free, his old customers

refuse to deal with him any more, and it is not long before he is homeless and starving. Then in desperation he really does insult a policeman in order that he may secure at least prison food and lodging. But that minion of the law sees no matter for arrest in the affair, and Crainquebille slinks away in the rain and darkness. The whole is told in that spirit of delicate irony we are accustomed to associate with this writer, an irony that perhaps reached its culminating point in a little story written some years ago, entitled, 'Le Procureur de Judée.' A friend, meeting Pontius Pilate after the lapse of years, says to him: "Il se nommait Jésus; il était de Nazareth, et il fut mis en croix pour je ne sais quel crime. Pontius, te souvient-il de cet homme?" Pontius Pilatus fronça les sourcils et porta la main à son front comme quelqu'un qui cherche dans sa mémoire. Puis, après quelques instants de silence: "Jésus," murmura-t-il, "Jésus, de Nazareth? Je ne me rappelle pas."

The French novel-reading and play-going public prefer as a rule psychology to action in their fiction and drama. Readers who desire more excitement than is to be found in psychological analysis may turn to J.-H. Rosny's 'Le Docteur Harambur,' and Daniel Lesueur's 'Le Marquis de Valcor,' and 'Madame de Ferneuse.' The first is a story of crime aided by a knowledge of science, the second and third describe a melodramatic but surpassingly clever imposture. A commonplace treatment of the somewhat worn theme that luxury destroys the artist's soul forms the material of Ohnet's latest novel, 'Le Chemin de la Gloire.'



The brothers Margueritte continue in 'La Commune' their prose epic of the war of 1870, of which 'Le Désastre' still remains the finest portion. The military history in these books is so complete that we constantly find ourselves regretting the fiction.

The two most striking recent plays from the point of view of the literary historian are Hervieu's 'Le Dédale,' and Prévost's 'La Plus Faible.' The first deals with the psychology of divorce, the second with that of the free union. Hervieu is nothing if not didactic, and the thesis he sets out to prove, is, that where there is a child of the marriage divorce is futile, because a woman never entirely ceases to love the father of her child. But despite its literary quality, its artistic expression of profound thought, the play does not touch us deeply, it too nearly resembles an ordinary 'drame de passion,' and the nerves of the characters concerned are all the time too much strained. Marcel Prévost has of late taken up the cudgels for 'La plus faible,' who of course is woman. His novels, 'Frédérique,' and 'Léa,' it will be remembered, dealt with woman's position in modern society. In this play, performed for the first time at the 'Comédie Française' last April, Germaine having been provided by her parents and guardians through a *mariage de convenance* with a brute of a husband, falls in love with Jacques Nerval, a bachelor, and goes to live with him. In so doing, as her lover's friend puts it, she renounces 'toute existence sociale, on ignore dans son monde ce qu'elle est devenue, elle n'a plus de domicile officiel, plus de nom!' After certain complications which lead to the separation of the lovers for a time through the



machinations of Jacques's outwardly highly respectable family, and after the death of the husband, the pair determine to marry; for, says Jacques, 'Quand l'homme a trouvé sa compagne, qu'avec elle il s'est créé un foyer, il n'a pas le droit d'accepter qu'elle assume les devoirs de l'épouse, et ne soit pas l'épouse. Le monde s'insurge contre de telles abnégations; il juge dangereux pour l'ordre que la vertu conjugale fleurisse hors du mariage régulier . . . Aucune théorie ne permet à l'homme de faire de sa compagne, parmi toutes ces faibles qui sont les femmes dans la société moderne, la plus désarmée, la plus faible.'

## II

Germany possesses one woman novelist whose work should rank almost as high as that of George Eliot. The large variety of Clara Viebig's subject matter, her gift of powerful characterization, her admirable style, mark her out as one of the first among German contemporary novelists, male or female. Her latest, and in some ways her most striking book, 'Das Schlafende Heer' (sleeping armies) deals with German Poland as it is to-day, with the struggle between the native Polish population and the German settlers. As a Pole states it: 'A German rabble who couldn't get on at home has overrun our land and fattened on it. Isn't it heartrending for our peasants to see the land they have tilled for generations in the sweat of their brow, their mother earth, sold for a mere song, indeed almost given away to foreign labourers?' But the superstitious old shepherd declares that Poland is not dead but sleeping,

that her sleeping armies will soon arise and drive out the intruder. As in Ireland we find here the instinctive dislike of the conquered for the conqueror. Irreconcilable differences prevail in religion, in language, in nationality. The priests exercise unbounded influence over the people, and are the worst enemies of the German spirit, playing much the same part as George Moore and Filson Young tell us they do in contemporary Ireland.

Clara Viebig's political background resembles a huge fresco painting in which the figures that make the action of the tale occupy the foreground. She takes no side, but impartially relates the facts as they have impressed her. There is no single hero, it is rather the 'people' who is the hero. Despite the broad treatment each person is characterized and individualized with perfect sureness of touch. The old shepherd, the Jew, the German lord of the manor, the Rhenish settler, and his frivolous Polish wife, each is portrayed with absolute truth to life, and by their own actions render the tragedy of the end inevitable. It is strange that such fine work as that of Clara Viebig should be so little known in England. Her novel 'Die Wacht am Rhein' has in its own line scarcely its equal in modern fiction. The time covered is from 1830 to 1870, the scene is Düsseldorf. The contrast between the stern Prussian soldiery and the laughter-loving and joy-loving Rhinelanders who certainly had a secret sympathy for Napoleon and the French, is wonderfully brought out. There are rumours that an English publisher contemplates issuing a translation of one of Clara Viebig's books. Let us hope he will choose as his

translator one who is competent to write literary English. Modern German novelists have suffered severely at the hands of their English translators.

Another recent German novel that seems to me a distinguished piece of work is 'Die Briefe die ihn nicht erreichten,' also from the pen of a woman, the Baroness Elisabeth von Heyking. A poor English version, made, I believe by the German authoress herself, has drawn forth some curious appreciations and condemnations from English critics. Some declare it to be an imitation of 'An Englishwoman's Love-letters,' others characterize it as a travel book. Acquainted with it as I am only in the German original it seems to me neither of those things. The letters are written from various places by a woman, tied to a lunatic husband, to a man whom she undoubtedly loves, and who as undoubtedly returns her love, but being of those finer spirits, in the existence of whom the novel-reading public seem unable to believe, their love is not confessed. It is only when she learns that her husband is dead that the letters grow warmer in tone, but alas! he to whom they are addressed never received them, for he was killed in the Pekin massacres before they could be delivered. The book deserves the highest praise both for its literary skill and for its lofty tone. The pathetic love-story is indicated rather than related. Whether, as some have tried to hint, it is a real experience, matters not at all. There is such a thing as sympathetic imagination, the possession of which enables a man or woman to understand what human beings may feel under certain circumstances. And here is described with fidelity

and art what a high-souled woman would feel under similar conditions. The quiet dignity of the heroine compares well with the noisy clamour usually indulged in by the woman in love (*sic*) in latter-day novels.

With the exception of these two books, scarcely any of the German novels that I have lately read rise above mediocrity. Rudolf Herzog, leaving the cheerful inhabitants of the Rhine district, whom he depicted so delightfully in 'Die vom Unterrhein,' for fashionable society in Berlin, has produced in 'Der Graf von Gleichen,' an entirely commonplace story, meant seemingly as a plea for free love. But not every woman who is unhappily married conveniently falls in love with a man who is a sort of princely landlord in some South Sea isle, and can carry her off there to live with him in luxury and without fear of social condemnation. Adolf Wilbrandt in 'Grosse Zeiten' has only produced a volume of mediocre stories that serve to fill an idle hour.

New plays in Germany are reserved for the autumn. Wilhelm Schmidt-Bonn has, however, published two little dramas that call for notice on account of their literary and poetical charm rather than for their dramatic value. His 'Mutter Landstrasse' pictures a prodigal son who finds no welcome on returning to his father's house, and takes again perforce to wandering under the free sky along the open road. In the new effort from his pen, 'Die Goldene Tür,' the action passes at a little town on the banks of the Rhine. A light-headed girl allured by promises of ease and luxury is falling an easy prey to her employer, when the illness

of his little boy puts her out of his head. Her fiancé, Baum, a high-minded working-man, with a vein of poetry in him, recognizing her worthlessness, compasses her death, for he deems it better to die than to live in sin. When the usual excuse is made that youth needs to live and have a good time, Baum replies wisely: 'That's not youth, you are not youth. You are weakness and cowardice. If you represent youth, then strength resides with us, the old. . . . You lack the strength of hope, the strength of patience, you see your goal only in your pleasure, you throw yourselves away only to seize something brilliant and unstable.' The author's psychology is stronger than in his former effort, the lyrical vein is mingled with a grasp of the things of everyday life in a very striking fashion. I shall look eagerly for future work from this author.

The great novelist, the great dramatist is still to seek, on the continent, as in Great Britain. Meanwhile the novel and the play continue to reflect in some degree phases of contemporary life, and the critic cannot therefore afford to neglect those divisions of literature. He must await in patience the advent of the great artist, and meanwhile content himself with indicating those works that rise above mediocrity.

ELIZABETH LEE.

## SALE PRICES OF INCUNABULA IN 1903.



TWO years ago, with the aid of Mr. Proctor, 'The Library' printed a classified list of the incunabula sold by auction in London during the previous year, with the prices paid for them. The list was compiled less for its own sake than in the hope of inducing Mr. Slater to include special references to early printers in the indexes to his very valuable, if at times irritating compilation, 'Book Prices Current.' It seems natural that the index-reference in the case of any book should be made with some regard to what it is that gives the book its value, from Bindings and Binders when not the inside of the volume but its jacket attracts the book-lover, from Illustrations or Woodcuts when the book is bought for the sake of its pictures, from Printing, with the name of the printer as a subheading, when the predominant interest is typographical. Mr. Slater, unhappily, does not seem to accept this view, but it is pleasant to find that some one else shares it with sufficient enthusiasm to carry him through the tedious task of repeating our experiment. Mr. Peddie has kindly put his list for 1903 at our disposal, and though it comes a little belatedly it is gladly here printed. The interest of the information it gives is by no

means confined to its pecuniary details. On these indeed it would be possible to moralize at any length required, though perhaps the sum of the whole matter would amount to no more than the fairly obvious remark that while the prices of ordinary fifteenth-century books are about at a standstill, the increase in those which it is possible to 'write up,' so as to attract not merely the specialist, but the rich collector, continues very marked. The difference again in the sums fetched by the two copies of the Florentine 'Dante' is one more illustration of the supreme importance of 'condition,' which outsiders are so slow to understand. Of the larger issues raised by Mr. Peddie's list the most interesting is that of the possible range of purchases offered by the English auction-sales. Of the books he registers more than half are from Italian presses, and more than a quarter from the single city of Venice. Germany supplies another quarter, and the poor remnant has to be divided among all the other countries of Europe. Some allowance must, of course, be made for the fact that if a bookseller gets hold of a good French, Low-Country, Spanish or English book, he is so sure of finding a ready purchaser for it that he is under no temptation to put it into a sale. On the other hand the great collectors of the last century specially affected Italian books, and next to these, German ones, and there having been no great number of rich Italian or German collectors these books have all remained in England, and keep coming up at auctions. How thoroughly they have been picked over may be illustrated by the fact that out of over eighty Venetian books only two were not already



in the British Museum. Of French and Low-Country books, on the other hand, far fewer have ever been imported, and of those which were at one time in England it is probable that a considerable number have been bought back, the French and Dutch collectors being well able to pay for them. With Spanish books the case is still worse, for the only large purchasers of them in the last century were Mr. Grenville, Mr. Heber, and Mr. Huth. Mr. Grenville's books are in the British Museum, Mr. Huth's remain in his son's possession, and of Mr. Heber's it is probable that a good many went to Paris and elsewhere before English collectors woke up to the charms of Spanish printing. When all is said, however, it remains surprising that all the interest in incunabula which has been taken in England of recent years has left so few traces in the auction-rooms in the way of imported novelties.

It will be seen that Mr. Peddie's list is arranged in the order of Mr. Proctor's 'Index,' and that he has added Mr. Proctor's number to all the books he has been able to trace. The second numbers, immediately preceding the price, refer to Vol. XVII of Mr. Slater's 'Book Prices Current.'

A. W. P.

#### GERMANY.

##### MAINZ.

Schoeffer. 1473. Augustinus: De civitate dei. P. 102. [1269.]

£25.

Schoeffer. 1478. Bartholomaeus de Chaimis: Confessionale.

P. 116. [344.] £9 15s.

Schoeffer. n.d. Joannes de Tambaco. Consolatio Theologicae.

P. 136. [1028.] £5 5s.



- Schoeffer. n.d. Augustinus. De vera vitae cognitione. P. 138.  
 [1267.] £14.  
 Schoeffer. n.d. Grammatellus pro juvenum eruditione. P. 144.  
 [1336.] £22.  
 Meydenbach. 1491. Hortus Sanitatis. P. 160. [1325.] £33.

STRASSBURG.

- Mentelin. [n.a. 1470.] Augustinus: Confessiones. P. 205. [1268.]  
 £50.  
 Mentelin. [n.a. 1470.] Astesanus: Summa. P. 207. [1193.]  
 £8 5s. [5623.] £6 2s. 6d.  
 Mentelin. 1473. Vincentius Bellovacensis: Speculum historiale.  
 P. 212. [4435.] £11 10s.  
 Mentelin. n.d. Aristotle: Ethica. P. 224. [1262.] £11.  
 Mentelin. n.d. Isidorus: Etymologiae. P. 227. [1330.] £14 10s.  
 [2417:] £11 15s.  
 R-Printer. n.d. Caracciolus: Sermones per Adventum. P. 236.  
 [3149.] £5 15s.  
 R-Printer. n.d. Dionysius de Burgo: Comment. super Valerium  
 Maximum. P. 237. [1578.] £8.  
 R-Printer. n.d. Donatus: Comment. super Terentium. P. 238.  
 [1302.] £12 5s.  
 Eggestein. n.d. Bonifacius VIII.: Liber VI decretalium. P. 271.  
 [4125.] £5 15s.  
 Eggestein. n.d. Beda: Historia Ecclesiastica. P. 284. [4796.]  
 £5 5s.  
 Eggestein. n.d. Eusebius: Historia Ecclesiastica. P. 289. [1128.]  
 £7.  
 Eggestein. n.d. Ludolphus de Suchen: Iter ad terram sanctam.  
 P. 291. [665.] £12 5s.  
 Schott. [1482?] Arnaldus de Villa nova: Von Bereitung und  
 Brauchung der Weine. Not in H. Now P. 392<sup>a</sup>. [1264.] £16.  
 Reinhard. 1497. Locher: Panegyrici ad Maximilianum. P. 483.  
 [4779.] £1 12s.  
 Eber. 1483. Joh. Gobius: Scala coeli. H. 9407. Not in P.  
 (before 509). [1333.] £25.  
 [Knoblouch?] 1499. Lichtenberger: Prognosticatio. P. 775.  
 [1337.] £8 10s.

KÖLN.

- [Zel?]<sup>1</sup> n.d. Nider: Manuale Confessorum. P. 846. [1054.]  
 £3.

<sup>1</sup> This might also be P. 1153 (Barth. of Unkel).

- Zel. n.d. Pius II.: Bulla retractationum. P. 847. [263.] £5 2s. 6d.  
 Zel. 1473. Caracciolus: Quadragesimale de paenitentia. P. 880.  
 [453.] £10 10s.  
 Zel. 1473. Leonardus de Utino: Sermones de Sanctis. P. †881.  
 [1948.] £4 14s.  
 Zel. n.d. Bernardus: Speculum de honestate vitae. P. 885. [355.]  
 £5 10s.  
 Zel. 1483. Jac. de Voragine: Legenda Aurea. P. †905. [2636.]  
 £11.  
 Zel. n.d. Tho. Aquinas: De articulis fidei. H. \*1423. Not in  
 P. (after 924). [838.] £4 10s.  
 ter Hoernen. 1472. Burlaeus: De vita et moribus philosophorum.  
 P. †931. [430.] £5 2s. 6d.  
 ter Hoernen. 1474. Rolewinck: Fasciculus temporum. P. 935.  
 [1575.] £16.  
 [Anon.] n.d. Gesta Romanorum. P. 1103. [4140.] £8 10s.  
 Winters. 1476. Marchesinus: Mammotrectus. P. 1162. [1138.]  
 £5 7s. 6d.  
 Guldenschaff. n.d. Albertus Magnus: Postilla in evang. Iohannis.  
 P. 1215. [1101.] £5.  
 Quentell. 1470. Astesanus: Summa. P. 1236-37. [1087.] £7.  
 Quentell. n.d. Hortus Sanitatis. P. 1448? [1324.] £77.  
 [2886.] £19 10s.  
 Cornelis of Zierikzee. n.d. Albertus Magnus: Liber aggrega-  
 tionis. P. 1494. [1968.] £3.  
 Cornelis of Zierikzee? n.d. Mandeville: Itinerarius. P. 1498?  
 [669.] £7.

## AUGSBURG.

- G. Zainer. 1469. Joh. de Aurbach: Summa de Sacramentis. P.  
 1522. [1271.] £40.  
 G. Zainer. 1471. Rodericus Zamorensis: Speculum vitae hu-  
 manae. P. 1525. [1365.] £13.  
 G. Zainer. 1472. Isidorus: Etymologiae. P. 1532. [1329.]  
 £21 10s.  
 G. Zainer. n.d. Gregorius: Epistulae. P. †1553. [1314.] £12.  
 G. Zainer. n.d. Biblia germanica. P. 1577. [1276.] £51.  
 Schüssler. 1472. Cassiodorus: Historia tripartita. P. 1594.  
 [1291.] £14 5s.  
 Schüssler. 1472. Ambrose: Hexameron. P. 1595. [3136.]  
 £2 17s.  
 Bämmler. 1473. Gregorius: Dialogi. [Printed at SS, Ulrich and  
 Afra.] P. 1605. [1313.] £67.

- SS. Ulrich and Afra. 1474. Vincentius Bellovacensis: Speculum historiale. P. 1639. [1579.] £11.  
 Sorg. n.d. Nider: Formicarius. P. 1696. [1348.] £11 10s.  
 Blaubirer. 1481. Kalender. P. 1741. [1290.] £40.  
 Schoensperger. 1497. Jacobus de Theramo. Belial. Not in H.  
 Not in P. (after 1794). [4101.] £19 5s.  
 Ratdolt. 1499. Psalterium cum apparatu vulgari. P. 1914. [2001.] £5 17s. 6d.

NÜRNBERG.

- Sensenschmid. 1470. Fran. de Retza: Comestorium vitiorum. P. 1942. [1363.] £17 5s.  
 Koberger. 1477. Biblia Latina. P. 1980. [1089.] £4 15s. [4427.] £8 15s. [6055.] £20.  
 Koberger. 1485. Breviarium ord. S. Dominici. P. 2045. [1286.] £8.  
 Koberger. 1493. Schedel. Liber Chronicarum. P. 2084. [1295.] £45. [2372.] £14. [3454.] £22. [4635.] £19 5s. [4924.] £15 10s.  
 Joh. Regiomontanus. n.d. Manilius. Astronomicon libri. P. 2209. [67.] £13 10s.  
 Stuchs. 1484. Missale Romanum. P. 2259. [1343.] £8 16s.  
 Stuchs. 1499. Missale Hildensemenses. Not in P. (after 2283). [2598.] £21.

SPEIER.

- Drach. 1477. Antoninus: Summa. H. \*1256. Not in P. (after 2329). [1261.] £30.

ESSLINGEN.

- Fyner. 1477. Petrus Niger: Der Stern Meschiah. P. 2464. [1349.] £26.

ULM.

- J. Zainer. 1473. Boccaccio: De claris mulieribus. P. 2496. [1278.] £74.  
 J. Zainer. n.d. Cato: Disticha cum Commento. P. 2505. [1292.] £14.  
 J. Zainer. 1475. Rampegollis: Aurea biblia. P. 2508. [371.] £10 15s.

LAUINGEN.

- [Anon.] 1473. Augustinus: De consensu evangelistarum. P. 2599. [1270.] £12 10s.

LÜBECK.

- Ghotan. 1492. Brigitta: Revelationes. P. 2625. [1288.] £38.

- Brandiss. 1489. *Dat boek van der navelghinge Jhesu Cristi.* P. 2629. [1327.] £102.  
 Arndes. 1487. *Joannes Friburgensis: Summa confessionum.* *Germ.* H. 7372. Now P. 2644<sup>A</sup>. [1332.] £23.  
 Arndes. 1493. *De sacramento altaris mundo et transformato.* *Ital.* P. †7424, now 2644. [511.] £5 15s.

## LEIPZIG.

- Kachelofen. n.d. *Ars moriendi.* P. 2924. [1265.] £49.

## EICHSTÄTT.

- Reyser. n.d. Bruno: *Super psalterium.* P. 3123. [1359.] £33.

## ITALY.

## ROMA.

- Sweynheym and Pannartz. 1468. *Lactantius: Opera.* P. 3291. [2583.] £30 10s.  
 Sweynheym and Pannartz. 1469. *Apuleius: Opera.* P. 3297. [1547.] £61.  
 Sweynheym and Pannartz. 1469. *Bessarion: Adversus Platonis Calumniatorem.* P. 3300. [1274.] £97.  
 Sweynheym and Pannartz. 1470. *Augustinus: De civitate dei.* P. 3310. [5681.] £24 10s.  
 Sweynheym and Pannartz. 1471. *Nicolaus de Lyra: Postilla super bibliam.* Vol. I. P. 3321. [1115.] £7 5s.  
 Han, with Chardella. 1472. *Bonifacius VIII.: Liber VI decretalium.* P. 3354. [4648.] £3.  
 Han. 1475. *Albertus de Eybe: Margarita poetica.* P. 3364. [4138.] £4.  
 Lauer. 1471. *Eutropius: Historia.* P. 3406. [1556.] £20 10s.  
 Plannck. a. 26 Dec. 1496. *Monsaureus: Sermo de visione dei.* P. 3720. [1344.] £9.  
 Lignamine. 1481. *Phil. de Barberiis: Opuscula.* P. 3961. [183.] £13 10s.

## VENEZIA.

- Wendelin of Speier. 1471. *Cyprianus: Epistulae.* P. 4032. [1299.] £13 15s.  
 Wendelin of Speier for Johann of Köln. 1471. *Terentius: Comodiae.* P. 4037. [1567.] £30.

- Wendelin of Speier. n.d. Donatus: Commentarius in Terentium. P. 4056. [1566.] £6.
- Jenson. 1470. Eusebius: De praeparatione evangelica. P. 4066. [1554.] £75. [2407.] £29.
- Jenson. 1471. Suetonius: Vitae Caesarum. P. 4070. [1370.] £50.
- Jenson. 1471. Quintilianus: Institutiones Oratoriae. P. 4073. [4480.] £24.
- Jenson. 1471. Caesar: Commentarii. P. 4074. [1123.] £18 10s.
- Jenson. n.d. [1471.] Gloria mulierum. *Ital.* P. 4079. [5025.] £1 10s.
- Jenson. n.d. Aurelius Victor: De viris illustribus. P. 4082. [1355.] £15 15s.
- Jenson. 1475. Cicero: Epistulae ad familiares. P. 4093. [4926.] £5 12s. 6d.
- Jenson. 1475. Augustinus: De civitate dei. P. 4096. [3140.] £3 14s.
- Jenson. 1476. Nonius Marcellus: De proprietate latini sermonis. P. 4098. [1350.] £42.
- Jenson. 1476. Biblia latina. P. 4100. [1116.] £3 10s.
- Jenson. 1477. Gratianus: Decretum. P. 4101. [3158.] £3 16s.
- Jenson. 1478. Plutarchi Vitae. P. 4113. [2426.] £24.
- Jenson. 1479. Biblia latina. P. 4119. [1570.] £9 15s.
- Adam, of Ammergau. 1471. Lactantius: Opera. P. 4144. [2418.] £11.
- Gabriele di Pietro (with Filippo). 1473. Petrarca: Canzoniere. P. 4187. [2161.] £5 10s.
- Gabriele di Pietro. 1475. Augustinus: De civitate dei. P. 4193. [2222.] £5 5s.
- Gabriele di Pietro. 1475. Jerome. Le vite dei santi padri. P. 4194. [2153.] £2 4s.
- Christoph Arnold. [n.a. 1478.] Thomas Aquinas: Quaestiones de potentia dei. P. 4217. [3139.] £2 11s.
- Leonhard Aurl. 1473. Eusebius: De praeparatione evangelica. P. 4220. [1306.] £26.
- Jacques Le Rouge. 1474. Herodotus: Historiae. P. 4236. [1557.] £10 15s.
- Jacques Le Rouge. 1475. Juvenalis: Saturae. P. 4239. [5091.] £1 1s.
- Johann of Köln and J. Manthen. 1476. Priscianus: Opera. P. 4306. [1358.] £23 10s. [466.] £2 10s.
- Johann of Köln and J. Manthen. 1476. Caracciolus: Quadragesima de paenitentia. P. 4309. [3150.] £3.

- Johann of Köln and J. Manthen. 1476. Aristoteles: Libri de animalibus. P. 4312. [1263.] £16. [2386.] £7 10s.  
 Ratdolt, with Maler and Löslein. 1476. Joh. Regiomontanus: Calendario. P. 4366. [1345.] £41.  
 Ratdolt, with Maler and Löslein. 1477. Appianus: De bello civilibus. P. 4368. [2141.] £4 4s.  
 Ratdolt. 1482. Euclidis Elementa. P. 4383. [1553.] £30. [2408.] £31. [3153.] £16 10s. [4697.] £19 10s.  
 Ratdolt. 1482. Pomponius Mela: Cosmographia. P. 4385. [991.] £7.  
 Wendelin of Speier. 1477. Dante: La divina commedia. P. 4414. [2787.] £66.  
 Renaldus, of Nijmegen, with Theodor of Rendsburg. 1478. Biblia latina. P. 4431. [4872.] £5.  
 Renaldus, of Nijmegen. 1488. Albertus Magnus: De meteoris. P. 4450. [1100.] £4 6s.  
 Petrus de Piasis. 1490. Petrarca: Canzoniere. P. 4481. [5198.] £1 13s.  
 Petrus de Piasis. 1491. Dante: La divina commedia. P. 4482. [2791.] £25.  
 Luca, di Domenico. 1482. Aegidius Romanus. Super secundo sententiarum. P. 4494. [4112.] £2 14s.  
 J. and G. de Gregoriis. 1483. Horatius: Opera cum commento Landini. P. 4502. [1321.] £16.  
 J. and G. de Gregoriis. 1491-92. Boethius: Opera. P. 4517. [3147.] £2.  
 Oët. Scotus. 1481. Biblia italica. P. 4568. [1114.] £7.  
 Oët. Scotus. 1484. Dante: La divina commedia. P. 4581. [2789.] £15 10s.  
 J. Herbort. 1482. Expositio Petri de Abano in problemata Aristotelis. P. 4686. [261.] £10.  
 And. Torresanus. 1488. Hieronymus: Epistulae. P. 4717. [607.] £4 10.  
 G. de Grassis. 1485. Albertus Magnus: Compendium theologiae veritatis. H. \*441. Not in P. (after 4808.) [1099.] £1 9s.  
 P. Pasquale. 1494. Leonardus Aretinus: Aquila volante. P. 4864. [1109.] £8 5s.  
 B. Benalius, with M. Capcasa. 1491. Dante: La divina commedia. P. 4877. [2792.] £23.  
 G. Arrivabenus. 1492. Angelus de Clavasio: Summa angelica. P. 4922. [317.] £2 6s.  
 Matheo Capcasa. 1493. Joh. Bapt. Cantalycius: Epigrammata. P. 4993. [4787.] £9 9s.

- Capcasa. 1493. Dante: La divina commedia. P. 4996. [2793.]  
 £14 10s.
- B. Locatellus. 1493. Alex. Sermoneta: Commentariolum in Consequentias Strodi. Not in P. (after 5051.) [1152.] £6 5s.
- Gulielmus of Piancerreto, called Anima mia. [n.a. 1485 ?.] Bartolommeo dei Sonetti: Isolario. P. 5107. [1272.] £40.
- Joh. Rubeus. 1487. Biblia italica. P. 5122. [3146.] £1 8s.
- Joh. Rubeus. 1488. Imitatio Christi. *Ital.* P. 5124. [3157.] £3.
- P. de Paganinis. 1494. Lucas de Burgo: Summa de arithmetica. P. 5168. [1148.] £4 18s.
- P. de Paganinis. 1495. Biblia latina. P. 5170. [1117.] £7 5s.
- Bernardino di Cuori, with Simon of Lovere. 1491. Plato: Opera. P. 5216. [1145.] £3 5s.
- P. Pincius. 1492. Horatius: Opera. [For B. Rasina.] P. 5291. [5071.] £2 10s.
- P. Pincius. 1495. Livius: Decades [For L. A. Giunta.] P. 5308. [174.] £13 15s.
- Barth. de Zanis. 1493. Martialis: Epigrammata. P. 5330. [5122.] £1.
- Bart. de Zanis. 1497. Petrarca: Trionfi, (Sonetti e canzoni.) P. 5338-9. [733.] £12.
- G. Ragazzo. 1490. Fiore di virtù. P. 5350. [1310.] £47.
- N. de Ferrariis. 1491. Pietro di Borgo: Arithmetica. P. 5371. [1120.] £5 2s. 6d.
- S. Bevilacqua. 1497. Julius Firmicus: De nativitatibus. P. 5402. [1092.] £3 3s.
- S. Bevilacqua. 1498. Biblia latina. P. 5406. [3144.] £1 1s.
- P. de Quarengiis. 1497. Dante: La divina commedia. P. 5482. [2146.] £6 17s. 6d.
- Aldus Manutius. 1495. Gaza: Introductio grammaticae. P. 5548. [3666.] £4 18s.
- Aldus Manutius. 1495. Theocritus: Eclogae, etc. *Gr.* P. 5549. [5362.] £5.
- Aldus Manutius. 1496. Thesaurus, etc. *Gr.* P. 5551. [5363.] £5 5s.
- Aldus Manutius. 1497. Iamblichus: De mysteriis, etc. P. 5559. [3159.] £3.
- Aldus Manutius. [c. 1497.] Psalterion. *Gr.* P. 5564. [750.] £8 10s.
- Aldus Manutius. 1498. Aristophanes: Comoediae. *Gr.* P. 5566 [10.] £21 10s. [1702.] £15 5s. [1548.] £13 10s. [5302.] £10 5s.
- Aldus Manutius. 1498. Politianus: Opera. P. 5567. [1563.] £12 15s.



- Aldus Manutius. 1499. Franciscus Colonna: Poliphili hypnerotomachia. P. 5574. [1356.] £77. [2778.] £120. [3082.] £38. [4428.] £25 10s.  
 Aldus Manutius. 1500. Catherina Senensis: Epistulae. P. 5575. [464.] £5 17s. 6d.; £6 5s.  
 Aldus Manutius. 1500. Lucretius: De rerum natura. P. 5576. [5334.] £1 18s.  
 G. B. Sessa. n.d. Albumasar: Flores astrologiae. P. 5598. [270.] £3 3s.  
 Z. Kallierges. 1499. Simplicius: Hypomnemata. Gr. P. 5645. [1367.] £13.  
 [Anon.] 1477. Mela: Cosmographia. P. 5658. [3171.] £2 15s.  
 [Anon.] 1494. Laur. Justinianus: Della vita religiosa. P. 5669. [2149.] £9 2s. 6d. [639.] £8 5s.  
 [Anon.] n.d. 1491? Vitas patrum. [3186.] £11.

## FULIGNO.

- Neumeister. 1472. Dante: La divina commedia. P. 5723. [2785.] £252.

## FERRARA.

- Rossi. 1497. Jac. Phil. Bergomensis: De claris mulieribus. P. 5762. [1273.] £45. [2370.] £30 10s. [3090.] £35.  
 Rossi. 1497. Hieronymus: Epistulae. P. 5765. [1605.] £19 5s.

## MILANO.

- Zarotus. 1477. Caesar: Commentarii. P. 5799. [1122.] £3 3s.  
 Valdarfer. 1474. Barth. de Chaimis: Confessionale. P. 5875. [3141.] £2 18s.  
 Bonus Accursius. 1481. Psalterium. P. 5966. [1361.] £34 10s.  
 Paulus de Suardis. 1480. Statuta Mediolani. P. 5971. [3174.] £2 12s.  
 Scinzenzeler. 1498. Sidonius Apollinaris: Poema aureum et epistulae. P. 6038. [5234.] £1 7s.

## FIRENZE.

- Nic. Laurentii. 1477. Alphonsus archiepiscopus Toletanus: Quaestiones super libros de anima. P. 6113. [1103.] £13.  
 Nic. Laurentii. 1478. Celsus: De medicina. P. 6116. [1293.] £12.  
 Nic. Laurentii. n.d. Chr. Landino: Quaestiones Camaldulenses. P. 6119. [1135.] £3 17s. 6d. [3162.] £3.

- Nic. Laurentii. 1481. Dante: *La divina Commedia*. P. 6120.  
[2788.] £1,000. [4623.] £14 5s.  
Nic. Laurentii. 1485. Leo Bapt. Albertus: *De re aedificatoria*.  
P. 6131. [2250.] £9 7s. 6d.  
Nic. Laurentii. 1486. Gregorius: *Moralia in Job*. P. 6132.  
[2151.] £2 14s.  
Miscomini. 1485. Leo Magnus: *Sermoni*. P. 6147. [2157.]  
£2 10s.  
Libri. 1488. Homerus: *Ilias, etc. Gr.* P. 6194. [1576.] £187.  
Libri. n.d. Savonarola: *Trattato dell' amore di Gesù*. P. 6269.  
[2954.] £10.  
Libri [?] n.d. Savonarola: *Trattato dell' umiltà*. ? P. 6272: 6294:  
6447. [2956.] £12 10s.  
Libri. n.d. Savonarola: *Trattato contra gli astrologi*. P. 6274.  
[2952.] £26 10s.  
Libri. n.d. Savonarola: *Esposizione del Paternoster*. P. 6290.  
[2953.] £11 10s.  
Buonaccorsi. 1490. Dante: *Convito*. P. 6309. [2807.]  
£12 10s.  
Lor. di Alopa. 1496. [Apollonius Rhodius: *Argonautica*.] *Gr.*  
P. 6407. [4.] £5 12s. 6d. [1108.] £6 2s. 6d.  
Lor. di Alopa. 1496. [Lucian: *Opera omnia*.] *Gr.* P. 6408.  
[1560.] £14.

TREVISO.

- Ger. Lisa. 1475. Aeneas Sylvius: *Epistula ad Mahumetem*. P.  
6464. [1255.] £6 6s.  
Paolo, of Ferrara. 1481. Terentius: *Comoediae*. P. 6501.  
[5254.] £1 9s.

BOLOGNA.

- Azzoguidi. 1473. Petrus de Bergamo: *Tabula operum Thomae*  
*Aquinatis*. P. 6518. [1149.] £6 10s.

SAVIGLIANO.

- Christophorus Beyamus. n.d. Rodericus Zamorensis: *Speculum*  
*humanae vitae*. P. 6753. [1364.] £51.

PADOVA.

- Bart. de Valdezoccho, with Mart. de Septem Arboribus. 1472.  
Jac. de Zocchis: *Repetitio c. Omnis utriusque sexus*. P. 6758.  
[1156.] £6.

Leon. Achates. 1473. Franc. de Platea: *Opus restitutionum*. P. 6776. [3168.] £4.

## MANTOVA.

Georg and Paul, Germans. 1472. Dante: *La divina commedia*. P. 6882. [2786.] £245.

## VERONA.

Bon. de Boninis. 1483. Valturius: *Opera dell' arte militare*. P. 6922. [1373.] £60.

## BRESCIA.

Printer for Pietro Villa. n.d. Blondus: *Roma triumphans*. P. 6942. [3448.] £3 12s.

Bon. de Boninis. 1487. Dante: *La divina commedia*. P. 6973. [2790.] £54.

[Anon.] n.d. Pylades Brixiensis: *Genealogiae deorum*. P. 7049. [1013.] £1 10s.

## PAVIA.

Antonius Carcanus. 1477. Ang. de Aretio: *Tractatus maleficiorum*. H. 1625. Not in P. (before 7051). [1110.] £8 15s.

Girardengus. 1494. *Breviarium romanum*. H. 3917. Not in P. (before 7078). [1121.] £6 6s.

## SANTORSO.

Giovanno of Reno. 1473. Joh. Duns Scotus: *Super tertio libro sententiarum*. H. \*6427. Not in P. [Now 6934<sup>A</sup>.] [1303.] £7 7s.

## VICENZA.

Leon. Achates, with Gulielmus of Pavia. 1491. Euclidis: *Elementa*. P. 7130. [3154.] £4 12s.

Lichtenstein. 1476. Ant. de Butrio: *Speculum de confessione*. P. 7142. [3148.] £2 2s.

Lichtenstein with Nic. Petri. 1477. Ant. Andreae: *Quaestiones super metaphysica Aristotelis*. H. \*975. Not in P. (after 7144). [1953.] £13 10s.

Bertochus. 1483. Crastonus: *Lexicon*. P. 7177. [1296.] £13 5s.

## GENOVA.

Matthias, of Olmütz. 1474. Nicolaus de Ausmo: *Supplementum*. P. 7185. [1088.] £30.

# INCUNABULA IN 1903. 331

## MODENA.

Dom. Rocociola with Miscomini. 1487. Statuta civitatis Mutine.  
H. 15013. Not in P. (before 7194). [1151.] £6 5s.

## TORINO.

Joh. Fabri. 1477. Decreta Sabaudiae ducalia. P. 7217. [1126.]  
£19 15s.

Jac. Suigus, with Nic. de Benedictis. 1494. Juvenal: Saturae.  
P. 7223. [1134.] £6 15s.

## BERGAMO.

Giov. Lion. Longo. 1478. Joh. Climacus: Scala spirituale. P.  
7240. [1125.] £19 15s.

## COLLE.

Bonus, Gallus. 1478. Oppianus: Halieutica. P. 7242. [1094.]  
£20.

## CIVIDALE.

Ger. Lisa. 1480. Platina: De honesta voluptate. P. 7266.  
[1354.] £7 10s.

## AQUILA.

Adam, of Rottweil. 1486. Rolewinck: Fasciculus temporum.  
Not in H. Not in P. (after 7278). [4993]. £2 6s.

## PESCIA.

Printer of Ant. de Canario, de excusatore. 1492. Dinus de Mu-  
gello: Consilia et lectiones. P. 7321. [1127.] £5 5s.

## SWITZERLAND.

### BASEL.

Wenssler. 1479. Augustinus: De civitate dei. P. 7489. [1266.]  
£10.

Wenssler. 1488. Missale Treverense. P. 7518. [1141.] £19 5s.

Richel. n.d. Biblia latina. ? P. 7526 or 7531. [1571.] £18 10s.

Flach. n.d. Albertanus: De doctrina dicendi et tacendi. P.  
†7541. [1098.] £2 4s.

- Joh. of Amorbach. 1491. Armandus de Bellovisu: Declaratio  
difficilium terminorum. [For M. Wenssler.] P. 7588, 7589.  
[5986.] £9.
- Joh. of Amorbach. 1493. Augustinus: Epistulae. P. 7599.  
[330.] £2 8s.
- Joh. of Amorbach. n.d. Bertoldus: Horologium devotionis. P.  
7635. [623.] [With 7636. £17.]
- Joh. of Amorbach. n.d. De vita et beneficiis salvatoris. P. 7636.  
[623.] [With 7635. £17.]
- Furter. 1496. Passio S. Meinhradi. P. 7731. [1282.] £54.
- Furter. 1498. Methodius: Revelationes. P. 7738. [5148.]  
£3 14s.
- Bergmann. 1494. Verardus: Bethicae et Granatae obsidio, vic-  
toria et triumphus. P. 7770. [4033.] £59.
- Bergmann. 1497. Brant: Stultifera navis. P. 7775, 7776.  
[1283.] £12 10s.
- [Bergmann.] n.d. Brant: Varia carmina. H. \*3733 Not in P.  
(after 7788.) [1281.] £14.

## GENEVE.

- [Anon.] n.d. Arcana medicinae. P. 7822. [6061.] £5 10s.

## FRANCE.

## PARIS.

- Gering, Kranz and Friburger. 1475. Rod. Zamorensis: Speculum  
vitae humanae. P. 7842. [766.] £17.
- Marchand. 1498. Gasparinus Pergamensis: Epistulae. Not in H.  
Not in P. (before 8006). [4048.] £5.
- Levet. 1488. Boutillier: Somme rural. P. 8057. [5694.] £2 5s.
- Le Rouge. 1488. Gulielmus de Ockam: Quotlibeta. P. 8091.  
[1319.] £14.
- Pigouchet. 1498. Heures à l'usage de Rome. [For S. Vostre.]  
P. 8197. [2268.] Vellum, £100.
- Gering, with Rembolt. 1498. Gregorius: Expositio super cantica.  
P. 8309. [583.] £7 15s.
- For Verard. 1495-96. Vincentius Bellovacensis: Le miroir  
historial. P. 8436. [1708.] £230.

## LYON.

- Nic. Philippi and M. Reinhard. 1478. Jac. de Alvarottis: De  
feudis. P. 8523. [881.] £7 5s.

# INCUNABULA IN 1903. 333

Matthias Huss, n.d. Rolewinck: Fasciculus temporum. P. 8570.  
[4620.] £3 3s.  
[Anon.] 1482. Joh. Balbus: Catholicon. Not in H. Not in P.  
(after 8713). [5751.] £2.

## VIENNE.

Frommolt. 1481. Joh. de Turrecremata: Quaestiones evangeliorum. H. \*15716. Not in P. (before 8737). [1153.] £8 5s.

## DIJON.

Metlinger. 1491. Joannes de Cireyo: Privilegia ordinis Cisterciensis. P. 8795. [1331.] £33 10s.

## [? NORTH FRANCE.]

Printer of the Oraison du S. Espierit. n.d. Guido de Monte Rocherii: Manipulus curatorum. Not in H. Not in P. (after 8817). [1131.] £12 5s.

## HOLLAND.

### UTRECHT.

Nicolaus Ketelaer and Gerardus Leempt. n.d. Thomas Aquinas: De divinis moribus. C. 1669. Now P. 8849<sup>n</sup>. [839.] £11.

### DELFT.

J. Jacobszoon and M. Yemantszoon. 1477. Bible in duytsche. P. 8862. [569.] £18.

### GOUDA.

Leeu. 1480. Boec vanden leven der heiligher vaderen. P. 8923. [606.] £7 5s.

### DEVENTER.

Pafraet. 1497. Baptista Mantuanus: De vita Ludovici Morbioli. C. \*234. Not in P. (after 9015). [343.] £16 10s.

### ZWOLLE.

Pieter van Os, of Breda. [c. 1488.] Psalterium V. Mariae devotis meditationibus exornatum. Not in P. (a. 9132.) [1360.] £13 15s.

Pieter van Os. 1495. Bernardus, Sermones in duytsche. P. 9145.  
[354.] £10 10s.

Pieter van Os. 1495. Ludolphus de Saxonia: Dat boeck vanden  
leven ons liefs heren. P. 9146. [664.] £23.

## BELGIUM.

## LOUVAIN.

[? Jan Veldener.] n.d. Cicero: Epistulae ad familiares. C. 441.  
Not in P. (after 9207.) [4927.] £3 5s.

Johann, of Paderborn. 1474. Petrus de Crescentiis: Liber ruralium  
commodorum. P. 9208. [1297.] £16.

## ANVERS.

Leeu. 1486. Dialogus creaturarum moralisatus. P. 9363. [1304.]  
£40.

Leeu. 1487. Mich. Francisci: Speculum sermonum super saluta-  
tione angelica. P. 9366. [678.] £3 12s. 6d.

Leeu. 1491. Jordanus de Quedlinburg: Meditationes de vita et  
passione Jesu Christi. C.\*1050. Not in P. (after 9399.) [638.]  
£11 15s.

## GAND.

Arend de Keyser. 1485. Boethius: De consolatione philosophiae.  
P. 9461. [392.] £22 10s.

## AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

## WINTERBERG.

Johann Alakraw. 1484. Augustinus: Soliloquia. P. 9492. [891.]  
£6 2s. 6d.

## ENGLAND.

## WESTMINSTER.

Caxton. a. Nov. 1483. Jac. de Voragine: The golden legend.  
P. 9655. [465.] £6 15s. (one leaf).

Wynkyn de Worde. n.d. Bartholomaeus Anglicus: De proprie-  
tatibus rerum. P. 9725. [4142.] £55.



OXFORD.

Theodoricus Rood, of Köln. 1482. Latteburius: Super threnos Hieremiae. P. 9749. [1335.] £270.

LONDON.

Pynson. 1492. Alexander Gallus: Doctrinale. Now P. 9778<sup>a</sup>. [4598.] £320.

DOUBTFUL.

n.d. Savonarola: Expositio in psalmum Miserere. H. \*14419. Not in P. [2955.] £5.

n.d. Savonarola: Predica fatta la Mattina della Ascensione. 1497. [2957.] £5 5s.

n.d. Xenophon: De tyrannide. H. 16228. Not in P. [1045.] £3 18s.

R. A. PEDDIE.

NOTES ON BOOKS AND WORK.



SPACE for this heading is again so limited this month that we can only note with the briefest expression of satisfaction that the Proctor Memorial Fund has made a good start, and that it seems probable that it will be able to carry out both its stated objects, the publication of his scattered essays and the completion of his 'Index of Early Printed Books.' We must be equally brief in our regrets at the threatened discontinuance of Miss Hetherington's 'Annual Index to Periodicals,' a very useful piece of work excellently carried out, the cessation of which would be much regretted in many libraries, and perhaps cause some librarians to wonder whether they could

### 336 NOTES ON BOOKS AND WORK.

not have legitimately bought more copies of it. The arrival of some new numbers of Dr. Jellinek's 'Internationale Bibliographie der Kunstwissenschaft' reminds us that there also we have an excellent work which large libraries will do well to support more liberally than by the purchase of a single copy, if they wish it to continue to maintain its present high standard. Few libraries have the power under their constitution to make donations for the support of the technical books by which their own usefulness may be so greatly increased: it is therefore all the more incumbent on them to purchase as many copies as they can make useful, rather than to see with how few they can manage to work.

Mr. Greg asks us to point out with reference to his remarks in the last number of 'The Library,' p. 128, that the explanation of the editions of Tottel's Miscellany issued in 1585 and 1587 bearing the names of other printers (the first that of J. Windet, the second that of R. Robinson) lies in the fact that Tottel had 'yeilded into the hands and dispocon of the Master &c. of the Stacioners, for the reliefe of the saide companie' on January 8th, 158 $\frac{3}{4}$ , this and six other books for which he had special privileges (Arber, ii. 786 *sq.*). Tottel had registered these as the last seven of thirty-six works, mostly covered by his patent for law books, as recently as February 18th, 158 $\frac{3}{4}$ . But in common with Barker, Daye, Newbery, Bynnemann, and Denham he now thought it advisable to make some sacrifices to appease the growing discontent of the unprivileged printers.

